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THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS

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DECEMBER 1917

TEN CENTS

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THE Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

DECEMBER, 1917

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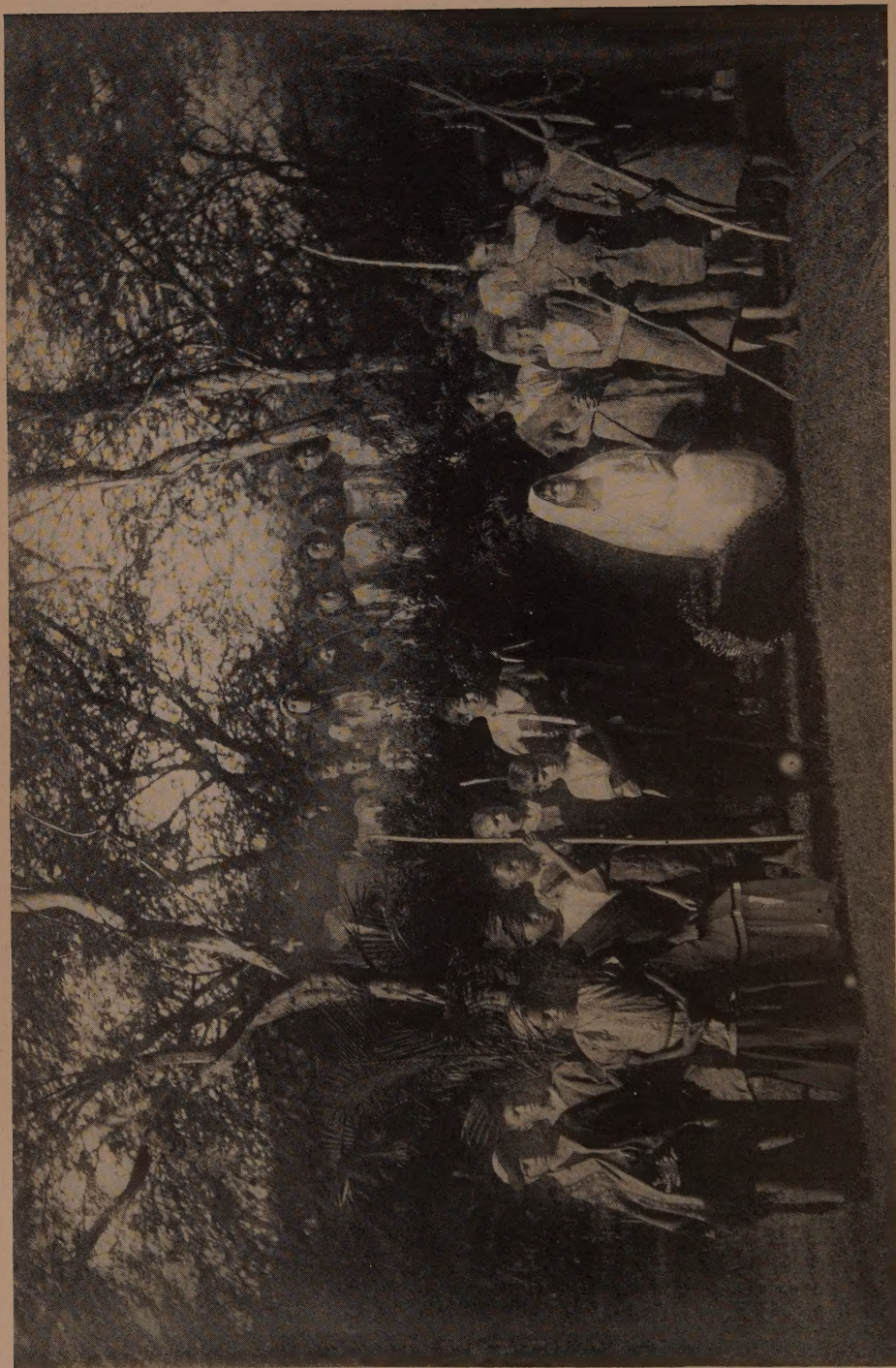
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THE CHRISTMAS PLAY AT KAPAHULA
See "*Many Tongues Shall Praise Him*" (page 831)

The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

ARTHUR S. LLOYD, Editor

CHAS. E. BETTICHER, Associate Editor

VOL. LXXXII

December, 1917

No. 12

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

THE end of the fiscal year has come and the misfortune which we would not even admit as possible has fallen. The year closed with a deficit and a large one. Even after keeping the books open ten days longer than would have been the case ordinarily, the balance on the wrong side was \$143,000. Pity 't is 't is true, and yet there is no occasion for discouragement. We cannot but feel regret, almost mortification, that at a time when men are wondering whether the Church's faith is anything more than adherence to an academic theory there should seem to be apparently good ground for men supposing they have reason for such an opinion. Yet after all it is only in appearance. The truth is the Church as a whole has never done so splendidly as in the past year. While all Americans have with a sort of religious fervor strained every nerve to meet each demand that the government or the needs incident to the war have made upon them; the great body of the Church has faithfully kept in mind the Mission intrusted to Her and has not allowed other self-denials to interfere with this prime obligation. There is cause for thanksgiving that there are so many faithful ones and that they are so generally distributed throughout the country. Such knowledge gives us reasonable ground for believing that

the distress now expresses only a passing phase of the Church's life and that the shock everyone must feel when it is known that there is actually a deficit will tempt those who did not come to the help of the Lord against the mighty to take steps to prevent a like disaster from again overtaking the Church.

It would be interesting if space would allow an analysis of the sources from which the Board's income has been received. This would show how no part of the Church, nor any class, nor any type of parish fails to appear in the list. Rich men and poor, strong parishes and weak, dioceses which are hardly able to maintain themselves with those having abundant resources are there. Their works show they realize that the Church holds in trust for mankind the Truth which alone can inspire man with hope and establish peace in the earth. The best thing about it is that the whole Church in America bears this witness. The pity is that in too many places weak spots appear; and maybe because they were absorbed with passing things, maybe because they could not help it, parishes (in a few cases, practically whole dioceses) defaulted, with the result that the Church must suffer shame.

It could not have been through inability since the conditions in every

defaulting parish could be matched by those in which all, and more than was promised in General Convention, was accomplished. The only way to explain it seems to be that they do not yet think in the terms of the Body and are overwhelmed by the blight of parochialism. Yet having said this we have uncovered the sure ground of hope. Patience on the Church's part will be rewarded by these weak brethren finally comprehending what it is that the Church was sent to do, and then nothing will hinder the performance of all the good works which wait upon the fidelity of the whole Church working as one.

This year, as have preceding years, shows new names on the list, and in many places fine exhibits of difficulties overcome, but speaking generally the list shows that what has been done has been accomplished by those parishes which have learned that they do not exist for themselves or for the community in which they happen to be located, but are integral parts of the Church of Christ. As in the past these have borne all and more than as men speak was their proportionate share of the common expense. In addition they have added to the Board's income \$129,000 in thankofferings.

Again speaking generally the failure has been in about the same quarters which have always seemed unable to understand their obligation to the general Church. Happily they themselves are the only people who can identify them. It is impossible to believe that they will not now begin to make enquiry as to how others can take care of this work, and yet meet their local obligations more easily than those who ignore their obligations to the Body. It is likely that they will be all the more keen to do this when they learn that had they been alert the Board would have closed the year with a balance to its credit in spite of \$60,000 unexpectedly, but of necessity, added to its obli-

gations. The amount due on parochial apportionments when the books closed was \$155,000 scattered all over the country.

Another suggestive deduction from the analysis referred to is that almost universally it is true that the messages of discouragement and pessimism about the future come from the parishes which seem to forget that they are members of the Body of Christ. It is never too late to mend. Even now it is not too late for the tardy ones to relieve their brethren of the burden which their heedlessness has laid on shoulders no stronger than their own. The general experience is that when the people of the Church understand that they have an obligation to meet they will meet it. No doubt if the opportunity were given in the parishes that failed, many would be grateful for being made able to escape from a list which can seem attractive to no man in these days when the whole world has turned its back on the circumscribed ideas and conventions which once satisfied men and are expecting a world in which all things have become new.

IT is always pleasant when things turn out to be greater or more beautiful than we even hoped for. Several years ago the whole Church was stirred by the splendid dream of Dr. Teusler to build at Tokyo a hospital which should worthily express the ideals of Christian people, and at the same time be a demonstration of the goodwill and friendship existing between this country and Japan. With ever increasing enthusiasm this work has been pushed until the half million asked for has been so far provided that the hospital is practically assured. Our readers will recall the general interest that was evoked by the gift of Japan's Emperor to this hospital, as a testimonial to the work done by the present Saint Luke's and to express the Emperor's sympathy in the crea-

tion of a hospital which should ever be witness to the friendship between America and Japan. We all thought we had sufficient cause for satisfaction in the thought that at last the American Church would have in Japan at least one institution which would indicate what Christian people really regard as an offering worthy to be offered to their Lord. And this satisfaction was enhanced by the knowledge that this offering would be an abiding witness to the Christian's conviction that nations as individuals will love one another when the Father is known. Little did we think then that we were possibly making ready for the care of our own and of our allies. But the action of the executive committee on the thirteenth of November brought this within the realm of probabilities when it authorized Dr. Teusler to offer Saint Luke's and its resources to the American Government in case a hospital in Tokyo shall be needed. Nobody can tell what will befall before this war is ended. If its exigencies demand that our nation have in Tokyo a base hospital, who can measure the joy it will bring to the Church to know it has already provided a hospital which will worthily meet the government's requirements? We shall indeed know then that we builded better than we knew, and those able to invest in enterprises which make for the binding together of the nations will readily appreciate the rare opportunity offered them in that other institution which must grow with Saint Luke's if this is to do its best work. We refer of course to Saint Paul's University.

IF he may forget for a moment that he is editor, the president of the Board would like to add a personal note to the readers of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*.

At its meeting in Chicago on October seventeenth the House of Bishops having under consideration

the Church's Mission in Liberia deemed it inexpedient at this time to elect a bishop for that mission and instead determined to send a bishop to confer with and minister to the Church there. Upon its being made evident that the bishop of Indianapolis could not go, Bishop Lloyd was intrusted with the mission and instructed to proceed to Liberia at the earliest convenient time. At its meeting on November thirteenth the executive committee acceded to the request of Bishop Lloyd and agreed that he should go at once in order to reach Liberia while good weather prevails there. If all goes well, before this reaches you he will have taken his departure, accompanied by Archdeacon Schofield of Colorado, who generously and promptly agreed to go with him. They are sailing on the *City of New York* for Liverpool on the twenty-fourth of November, hoping to catch a steamer for Monrovia which will bring them there by the middle of December. Their stay will be indefinite but probably not prolonged, and it is hoped that their going will turn out to be not only for the advantage of the Church in Liberia, but for the blessing of the Church in America also. No doubt all the readers of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* will sympathize with Bishop Lloyd in being called upon to be absent from his office at a time so vitally interesting as the present. But they will share his joy also in being called to this service which cannot fail to be according to the mind of our Lord. The Mission in Liberia is perhaps the most needy of all the branches planted by the American Church and therefore must be very near to the heart of the Master. If these men who have been sent can go in His Spirit and be taught by His Wisdom, blessing must follow and there is good hope that the Church in Liberia may be strengthened and benefited. This will largely depend on

the attitude of the Church towards this commission sent by the House of Bishops. If every reader of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* can realize that he or she is personally concerned with the outcome (if it fails the loss will be theirs; if it prospers theirs will be the joy and reward) there will be no doubt of constant intercessions and Eucharists, and where these are there can be but one issue.

The duty which takes Bishop Lloyd out of the office at this time, means of course added labor for those who remain but there need be no misgiving as to the work being carried forward with vigor and successfully. At its meeting in December the Board will adjust the details of office management so that there will be no trouble or confusion; and for the rest the Church by its constant labors on behalf of its Mission will show the same generosity which has marked its attitude towards Bishop Lloyd ever since he was first made general secretary.

The most serious complication resulting from the absence of Bishop Lloyd is the possibility that it may again require Dr. Wood to postpone his long-planned visit to the East.

SOME time ago it was promised that the question of the Church's organization for work should be discussed* in these columns. It was intended that this most important question should be considered during the winter, hoping that something might be said which would induce the General Convention to deal seriously with the question of waste and the loss which the Church suffers through Her lack of a working plan. The unexpected change in Bishop Lloyd's programme for the winter makes it impossible for him to fulfil his promise, but it may be worth while to refer to it, in the hope that some one else may be tempted to call the Church's attention to the urgent need for readjust-

ing its machinery. There is no reasonable limit to the service the Church might render the Nation, if the Church would learn how to think in the terms of her unity as the Body of Christ and so be tempted to eliminate the individualism which has marked Her history in America. Nor is there any lack of resources for any work She has to do if She could Herself exemplify the principle of which the people are reminded from all Her pulpits—that no man liveth to himself. What has been accomplished in the years of Her growth in America is sufficient evidence that God's blessing rests upon Her. What She has done towards helping to establish the principles of human liberty makes clear what She might do. But when the constant waste resulting from Her methods is considered, and thought is given to what might be accomplished if this were eliminated, one cannot escape anxiety lest She deteriorate unless She sets Herself to consider seriously what is wrong. The only thing that can be said now is that the most superficial investigation ought to make it clear to anyone that Her fundamental weakness is in the basis of Her working organization. It makes no difference whether it is the life of a person or parish or diocese that is under consideration; it becomes evident that all alike rest on the theory of self-preservation and self-advancement. The saying that if one suffers all suffer is everywhere ignored with the result that all together demonstrate that the saying is true. We are living in a time of wonderful possibilities. Someone is able and should feel the obligation to try to find for the General Convention a working plan which would not only call out the latent powers of the Church but would show how these may be used profitably for the prosecution of the Church's Mission.



THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

OH come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—
For the procession of Christian praise which encircles the globe.

For the Christmas spirit which the girls of Saint Agnes's, Anking, showed. (Page 823.)

For the many tongues singing Thy praises. (Page 831.)

For the "Feast of Lights" and what it means to the children of Porto Rico. (Page 839.)

For the opportunities for service in the West. (Page 853.)

For the progress of the Church General Hospital, Wuchang. (Page 857.)

For the gift of the lepers of Palo Seco. (Page 859.)

INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—
That the people of Alaska may come to know more and more of the Babe of Bethlehem. (Page 819.)

That the work in Cuba may be blessed. (Page 827.)

That the Christmas story in Japan may be understood by the people. (Page 835.)

That China's millions may one day join in glad hymns to Thee. (Page 849.)

That the Church may assume more serious responsibility for the people of foreign birth in our midst. (Page 867.)



PRAYERS

O GOD, Who makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thine only Son Jesus Christ; Grant that as we joyfully receive Him for our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold Him when He shall come to be our Judge, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*



O GOD, Who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth, and didst send Thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh; Grant that all men everywhere may seek after Thee and find Thee. Bring the nations into Thy fold, and add the heathen to Thine inheritance. And we pray Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

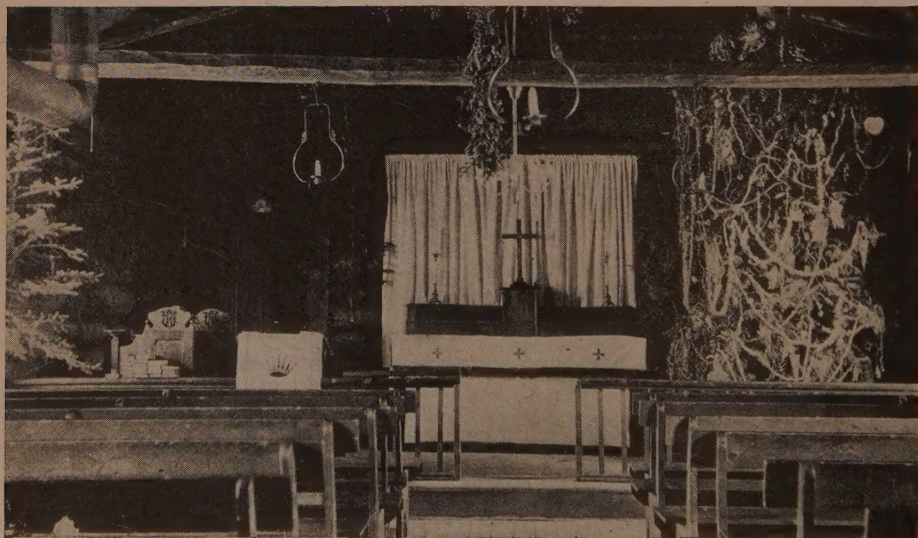
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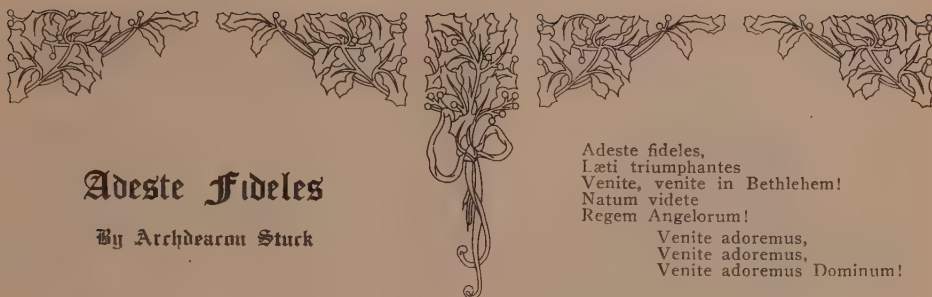




SAWING WOOD AT FORTY BELOW ZERO—FORT YUKON, ALASKA



SAINT STEPHEN'S, FORT YUKON, AT CHRISTMAS



Adeste Fideles

By Archdeacon Stuck

Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes
Venite, venite in Bethlehem!
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum!

Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum!



I HAVE two namesakes at this place, one a white boy, the son of the missionary physician, the other an Indian boy, the son of the native minister. They are about of an age, between five and six years, and they begin to interest me very

much. I could have had a good many more had I encouraged the desire to do me this sort of honor, but when, as with us, surnames are not much in evidence, identity in Christian names tends to confusion.

There is a disposition to make runs on Christian names here; at one time we had no less than fifteen Johns of school age. To call "John" was to summon the greater part of the pupils, and "John has broken his leg" or "John has fallen in the river" spread consternation throughout the village. I have just two namesakes and I find them quite enough.

Let me tell you about the native boy this time. His chief feature is his head, which is out of all proportion large for his body, and, as I grow persuaded of late, contains at least the

potentiality of brains. The next most striking thing about him is the absence of teeth. By some mishap of dentition he has lost all his front milk teeth before getting his second teeth. His dumpy little body with this great head set on it has a rather ludicrous appearance, but he is the youngest of his father's sons, and his father grows old; this is the second or the third of William's families, I am not sure which, and Hudson is very precious in his sight.

I wish I could say that he respects me, but to say so would, I am afraid, convey a false impression. Not quite every day, but several times, every week, I make a visit to the school house, and when I enter, Miss Dalziel, our teacher, of whom we are very proud and very fond, courteously bids the children rise. One day this week, while they were all thus standing, Hudson alone of them turned around to catch my eye, and when he had caught it he made the ugliest face in his extensive repertory of grimace. Lessons being resumed after the momentary interruption of my entrance, I passed from desk to desk to see what writing and figuring they were doing, and when I came to the boy's desk, he turned his sheet of paper over, took his pencil, drew a battered oblate spheroid for a head, joined it, without any neck, to a dropsical ellipse for a body, put two straight lines for legs, two others, at an angle of woe and





HUDSON LOOLA

dejection for arms, and then, exhibiting the whole deplorable construction to the little heads that had turned around to watch him, said *Ginghe Choh*, which, I grieve to say, is my appellation in the Indian tongue. Now what is to be done when one's six-year-old Indian namesake makes such public advertisement of the way in which he submits himself to his spiritual pastors and masters and orders himself lowly and reverently to all his betters? I don't know what my readers would have done at such a critical juncture, but I watched till Miss Dalziel wasn't looking (she is kind enough not to observe me too narrowly in the school-room) and then slipped a sugared almond into his mouth, which opened automatically to receive it and closed contentedly upon it.

The very day he drew the ribald picture of me the small children were

enjoying a toboggan slide when school was over, down a little hill at the end of one of the village streets. None of them had a bob-sled; our children do not have such toys; they had flattened out tin cans or pieces of old stove pipe upon which they squatted and slid—all but Jimmy. Jimmy was the proud possessor of a frying pan, and he would sit in the frying pan with the handle between his legs and go sky-hooting down the slide, revolving as he went. I must tell you about Jimmy by and by. He is my most recent small friend and present joy; he came down from the Rampart House (which is just across the Canadian border) when his father brought his mother to die here at the hospital. Jimmy is a nephew of Johnny Fred of whom some of my readers know; he is of that thoroughly good native stock.

Well, Hudson had just finished his slide, squatting on an old piece of iron which was not as smooth as it should have been and thus did not carry him completely to the end of the course, and had risen to his feet, when here came Jimmy in his frying pan, and knocked Hudson's legs from under him as clean as a whistle. The boy can't possibly hurt himself much when he falls because he hasn't far enough to fall, but he came down with a thump and rose with a howl. I wish I had had my camera with me. I wish I could make you see the figure of that child, his arms and hands stretched out straight for all the world like the caricature he drew, his head cast down, the copious streams already pouring from his eyes, climbing the little hill to the cabin on its brow to tell his mother what Jimmy had done to him. It was so funny that all the children stopped and laughed.

But Hudson has a manly side as well. Yesterday at forty below zero (and I daresay some of my readers have no notion how cold that is) I



found him sawing wood, and this time I went and got my camera and made a picture of him. He is scarcely taller than the saw horse, he is not more than half as long as the saw; but there he was, thrusting it forward and drawing it back and actually cutting wood. I don't know how many pieces constitute his daily task, but all Indian boys learn to use the saw early, because the stove depends on the saw and in the winter everybody depends on the stove.

What I really wanted to tell about, however, I have not touched yet. It takes so long to get introductions made and the necessary explanations out of the way and the circumstances set forth, that I often find myself with my space exhausted ere I have well begun. What I really wanted to tell about was my singing class of small boys of which Hudson is one. We are already practicing the Christmas hymns, and I resolved, since I am to spend Christmas here myself this year, that all the children should learn the Christmas hymns by heart. I could spend some more prefatory space in telling of the importance in which I hold the lost art of learning things by heart, but I won't. So we are learning the Indian hymns for Christmas.

Sometimes I find that the Indian words of our familiar hymns have a resounding dignity and a mouth-filling satisfactoriness (I was going to say orotundity, but I thought better of it) beyond the English words. Take *O Come, all ye Faithful*, which in one language or another all Christian people in the world sing at the Christmas festival, and that is one reason why I like that hymn so much. The Christians of Japan and China, of the Philippines and India, in all their various tongues; the great Russian church in the Greek; fifty-one different tongues of Africa; the great Roman Church in the sonorous Latin; fifty-nine different dialects of North Amer-



JIMMY

ican Indian; and I know not how many from Brazil to Peru and the islands of the great ocean; the ubiquitous English—all join that noble summons to rejoice at the Nativity of Our Lord. It rolls round the whole world as the sun lights the morning of Christmas Day. Yea though it be midsummer day at the Antipodes the chorus swells from Australia and New Zealand, and it bursts forth even from regions where the sun does not penetrate at all at that season, from the Lapps and the Greenlanders, from Herschel Island and Point Barrow. I do not know if there be any other hymn that is sung at one special season, so widely translated as this is, and it thrills me to think of the sons of God all over the world joining with one thought and one voice, at one time, yes, and to one



ARTHUR

tune, in hailing the Birth of the Son of God.

Well, the Takudh Indian for "O come, all ye faithful" is *Tutúinut, nenó-chyah*; and the chorus, "O Come let us adore Him" is *Nenochyah vetunyimotizhin*. *Nen-ó-chyah, vet-un-yin-oti-zhin*. It sounds very imposing and impressive when the whole congregation opens on that *tut-i-nut nen-ó-chyah*. I have been laboring with my little chaps to get the chorus thoroughly into their heads. The elder children sing it without any trouble, but one does not always realize that it is just as difficult for Indian children to learn long Indian words as it is for our children to learn long English words.

Jimmy gets it quicker than Hudson because Jimmy comes from the Ram-part House where they speak a purer Takudh, and articulate more distinctly, than they do here, and Jimmy has established a reputation for sing-

ing on the basis of "It's a long way to Pitterary" which he must strive to maintain. Then there is David, who used to cry when I looked at him and now comes and hugs me unexpectedly round the legs; and "Me Too", whose real name is Silas, but who gained his sobriquet when he noticed one of the surreptitious administrations of sugared almond referred to and could not hold his tongue and wait for his turn, but solicited an immediate administration to himself in that phrase, drawing attention to what should have been discreetly ignored (for we have established that convention); and there is Grafton as lithe and supple and graceful as a fawn—Grafton is the doctor's namesake and has white blood—and Arthur, who dates back to the time when Arthur Wright was with me and introduced a new baptismal name at Fort Yukon. Lastly there is Valdemar, a motherless Danish half-breed whose father named him after the ancient kings of his native land. We have him at the mission. These are the seven little chaps that I have taken off from the rest to teach them the words of the Christmas hymns. I clap my hands smartly together (we have no bell; I wish someone would send us a bell), and look stern and forbidding and say "No more play, work!"—and every little face becomes grave, and actually for five minutes at a stretch they give me their undivided attention. I wish you could hear them sing. I am proud of the way they enunciate that long phrase, *Nenochyah vetunyimotizhin*, and sing it three times with the proper crescendo. And I wish you who read would try to recall next Christmas, when you sing *O Come all ye Faithful* that our dusky children, north of the Arctic Circle, are singing, in that strange phrase, the same thing at the same time and to the same tune.

The Cobbler and the Christ-child

By Sarah E. Hopwood



SCHOOL closed on Thursday. Friday and Saturday were spent in making and hanging greens. Saturday evening we gave our Christmas play, which was a great success and had a splendid message for the crowded audience.

The Chinese are born actors and they love it and do good work.

The play opened with a poor Chinese home scene. The mother and numerous children were talking very discouragingly about their condition and what a sad Christmas they would necessarily have, as they were too poor to buy even enough food. In the front of the house was a cobbler's shop with some shoes for sale, and soon the cobbler appeared, carrying his things on a bamboo pole over his shoulder and bringing back all the shoes he had been trying to sell on the street. As they talked over their condition a servant entered. He asked whether or not it would be possible for the cobbler to undertake a large order of shoes and to finish them for Christmas. He said he came from a *yamen*, and the wealthy official wished shoes for himself and family—boots for the men, embroidered shoes for his wife and daughter

and the little children. He told them he had been to the large shops and they could not undertake to have the order done for Christmas. He also said if the cobbler could do it, the wealthy official would always patronize him and probably bring him much business. The cobbler replied that of course they would get the order ready for Christmas, and the oldest boy wrote it all out, and the whole family was put to work. The boys helped the father, and the girls helped the mother with the embroidery. The little children were sent out on the street to buy materials, and they all talked about the happy prospect that after all they could have a little Christmas joy. Customers began to come, and they sold some of their shoes.

There was much side-play here among the different people. Along the outskirts was always a beggar child, clothed in thin rags and asking alms of all who came to the cobbler's shop. At last the child entered the shop and begged the cobbler to give him a pair of shoes to cover his poor frozen feet. The cobbler, who has a kind heart, tried to find among his stock some

凡屬信主門徒
俱各迅速整齊上伯利恒
生爲天使之君

須來歌唱歡聲
去見彼嬰孩
故當俯伏恭敬拜主基督



VISITING THE FAMILY IN THE COURTYARD

warm shoes to fit the poor child, but had none that would do. So he sent the child away, giving him first a bit of something to eat. The child returned several times and begged the cobbler to make him a pair of shoes, but the cobbler told him how busy he was and how he could not stop or he might not be able to finish the order for the wealthy official. But the child's plea was so pathetic the cobbler decided at last that they must stop and make him a pair of warm shoes to cover the bare feet. The family protested. The cobbler replied that he had not the heart to send the child out into the cold with feet like that. So they put aside the beautiful materials and began to make a pair of shoes for the beggar child.

In the back of the cobbler's house another scene was going on. A beautiful fairy godmother came and waved a wand over the cobbler's family, and then waved in eight little Christmas fairies. They danced a little frolicsome dance, and then brought a Christmas tree and trimmed it, and tied

up packages for the cobbler's family. At last when all was ready they had a little shoemaker dance and made all the shoes for the cobbler's order, and hung them ready for him. By this time the shoes for the beggar child were finished and the cobbler started to put them on to the child's feet. The beggar child arose, the rags dropped off, and he stood in glistening white, with outstretched arms and said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me". The curtains were drawn, leaving them apart just enough to see the child standing there, while very softly was sung *Though Poor Be the Chamber, Come and Adore*. Very quietly the guests left, and we felt they had learned the meaning of service.

Sunday evening we had a beautiful carol service in the chapel, and it was very lovely with all the greens and the new white hangings our altar guild had just finished. Later in the evening the little girls hung their stockings in the fireplace in my study. Then



STARTING OUT CHRISTMAS MORNING

Miss Spencer and I left, telling the girls who were going with us in the morning to sing carols that we would come for them about five o'clock.

At four o'clock, we were awakened by *Sing, Oh Sing, this Blessed Morn* sung in English under our window. We looked out, and there were our girls—twenty of them, with two teachers—come to wake us up and surprise us. Each carried a pretty lighted Chinese lantern, and it was beginning to snow. They were a touching sight you may be sure. We went down and let them in, and they sang all the time we were dressing. We then went forth with them, all around the compound, singing in English to all the home people and in Chinese to the Chinese people.

by the mother who had been sleeping in a small board bed with her three children in the one-room, dirt floor



A GROUP OF SCHOLARSHIP GIRLS



THE RED CROSS CLASS AT SAINT AGNES'S

hovel—their only home. We went in and gave the children the gifts we had brought and the mother a basket wherein was a good dinner for them all. It was a pleasure to see their joy, and soon many of the neighbors (all living in like conditions, for around one little square of not more than fifteen feet were crowded any number of such homes which never see daylight) began to gather and ask what was the meaning of it all. As we stood outside in the little open square we told them the Christmas story very simply. They asked us to sing again, which we did, leaving them with that message of love and good fellowship which we had come to bring. The girls “joyed” doing it, and their own Christmas meant so much more to them. The money which made the basket and gifts possible was given by a camp fire group of girls in America, and, with what our own girls could give and the work they put on the things, it was a very lovely gift.

After this we returned to the school. The other girls were all up by now, and we sang to them all the way down. I opened my office, and they all piled in, finding their little gifts, most of which were makeshifts because the box from the Juniors at home had not yet arrived. They were all happy, however, and the school building rang with shouts of joy and merriment.

At seven-thirty we had our Christmas Communion, to which all the confirmed girls (twenty-six) went. We had a feast at noon, and at two o'clock over in the kindergarten room, which was all darkened, we had a big Christmas tree. During the morning the Juniors' box had arrived, and so I tied up the gifts, and we had them on the tree. How they loved them! The little ones had a beautiful time, with the noisy, rattle things and the talk! The older girls were delighted with their things. We stayed about an hour singing carols and playing. Thus ended the festivities of the day.



Felices Pasquas!

By Margaret Jefferys Hobart

Venid, todos fieles,
Y cantad triunfantes;
Venid, oh, venid hasta Betlehem;
Ved al niño que Dios nos ha dado.
Vengamos, adoremos,
Vengamos, adoremos,
Vengamos, adoremos,
Al Rey de paz.



CATHEDRAL
TOWER, HAVANA

THE decks were covered with snow and a thin coating of ice when we took ship for Havana one morning in December. The wind was so biting that only our deep affection for the superintendent of the Seaman's Church Institute kept us on the windward side to return the salute

he tendered us from the Titanic Tower which overlooks New York harbor.

Four days later when the dim outline of the Cuban coast and the familiar shape of Morro loomed up ahead in the early morning blaze, we seemed to pass over winter and to plunge into a full-blown June. And when two hours later we sat with the dean and archdeacon under the palms beside the little pool in the "Trotcha" garden surrounded with blooming roses and luxuriant ferns and sipped gratefully *piña collada* it was very hard to realize that this was the beginning of our Christmas festivities.

Next day I slipped a little late into the chapel at Jesus del Monte Mission. It was distinctly hard to realize that we were celebrating the feast of Saint Thomas and not that of Saint John the Baptist. However, when Miss Les-

ter had marshalled her little flock in the schoolroom they reassured me by singing *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, in English, from text laboriously copied in their notebooks, and when I told them that the children in my Sunday-school class in the North sent them a Christmas greeting, and the archdeacon asked them whether they wished the *niños del Norte*, *Felices Pasquas* they responded with a vigorous *Si! Si!*

The next proof positive that we were really at the end of the Advent Season and not at the beginning of Trinity-tide was when I visited the cathedral schools in Vedado next day. There was an unmistakable air of expectancy and when the boys were turned out for recess there was an exuberance of spirits for which even recess could not entirely account. That afternoon they had a Christmas celebration at the school.

The archdeacon had invited me to go with him on Christmas Eve to Bacuranao. The bishop shook his head. But I thought if the archdeacon could take the trip once and often twice a week, I could endure its discomforts for a single afternoon. All the railroads and ferries were tied up by a strike which made our journey more uncertain. Almost before the Sunday morning service was over the archdeacon whisked me out of the cathedral and into a little café where we ate our dinner as fast as the Cuban



A GUÁGUA IN THE PLAZA AT GUANABACOA

waiter would let us. The archdeacon's dinner usually consists of sweet chocolate munched *en route*, but he was pampering me. At Muelle de Luz we found our ferry awaiting us. This was a disappointment to me. I had hoped we might be driven to navigating Havana Harbor in a "bumboat", a craft that possesses a rounded bottom, a short mast and a place that looks like a hencoop for passengers. I learned later that had we been driven to this extremity, we would not have reached Bacuranao in time for Christmas, let alone Christmas Eve. At Fes-ser we changed to an electric car. Then at Guanabacoa we had an hour to wait sitting in a most un-Christmas-like blaze of sunshine in the plaza. In the procession of those who sauntered by the café where we waited, were scantily-clad brown babies, little girls in stiffly starched cotton dresses, negro women in orange and magenta and red coral earrings, old men in sandals, priests in cassocks and beaver hats. And we noticed that many of the older men were on crutches or maimed in

some way. "The result of Spanish days" the archdeacon told me.

At last the *guagua*—the mule-drawn omnibus that was to take us the last six miles to Bacuranao—was ready. Such a pack of humanity! Every seat seemed to hold two besides an assorted array of bundles. The children and men stood in the narrow aisle. The barelegged boys hung on behind. One gets very close to Cuba in a *guagua*. There were likewise a few chickens. The archdeacon said we were fortunate not to have several pigs for "*Buena Noche*". There is no time-limit to a *guagua*. At one village we waited in the sun some ten minutes while a leisurely woman dressed her two children. But it was a cheerful crowd.

Over the white, dusty road we clut-ter. Royal palms on the horizon. Tiny villages with palm-thatched cot-tages almost hidden by the encircling banana grove. Pastures, where the oxen are enjoying their Sunday rest. Now and then a cane-field. As we near Bacuranao our *padre* waves to



CHRISTMAS EVE AT BACURANAO

the children playing in the doorways, and into their houses they scamper to dress for Sunday-school. The chapel is a tiny wooden affair badly damaged by a recent cyclone. Hibiscus on the altar gives a festive look. Where the

dossal has fallen down the two little maids who are caretakers for the mission have looped it back with rosettes of flowers. The chapel is half full of children ranging from six months to thirteen or fourteen years. The organ



ARCHDEACON STEEL AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT BACURANAO



"AN EXUBERANCE OF SPIRITS"

is broken, so they sing unaccompanied—but lustily. And they answer the archdeacon's catechizing right heartily. The windows are open and across the green field on the distant hills I can see majestic palms in their lonely beauty outlined against the sunset sky. The catechizing in unfamiliar Spanish has ceased. The children begin to sing:

*Noche de Luz,
Noche d' amor.*

New words but the old, dearly loved tune. Their voices and the carol of the children in the North seem to blend:

*Silent Night,
Holy Night!*

The voices of the children, in a single strain of Christmas praise, ascend to the throne of the Babe of Bethlehem.

After service they take the *padre* and me into their houses. They are very small; many have dirt floors in which the chickens scratch, but for the most part they are remarkably neat and clean. In the yard next to the church the men are curing a pig. We

notice that they carry knives in their belts. They bring us oranges, for we are thirsty, and a large bath-towel in lieu of a napkin. Then comes the *guagua*. The children stand in the doorway, and wave their hands: *Adios! Felices Pasquas! Adios!*

I have no hesitation about the season now. The stars looking out of the purple-velvet southern sky, the waving palm tops, and the cool evening breeze are such as the Shepherds had when the Angel came with his Glad Tidings.

Next morning in the beautiful cathedral of the Holy Trinity where pines from the Isle of Pines and red hibiscus from the cathedral *patio* deck the church for Christmas Day, we make our Christmas Eucharist. The service is read in Spanish. Later there is the English service. As we leave the cathedral *Felices Pasquas!* and "Merry Christmas!" blend.

Surely the fellowship and worship of the Holy Season is a blessed thing the world around.

Many Tongues Shall Praise Him

By the Rev. Leopold Kroll

E hele mai oukou,
Ka poe mana'io,
E hele hanoli i Betelehema;
Hele mai a ike
I ka Moi hanau hou;
Hoonani kakou Iaia,
Hoonani kakou Iaia,
Hoonani kakou Iaia, Kristo ka Hakū.



CATHEDRAL
TOWER

HAWAII is the stepping-stone between the Orient and the Occident; it is the door which is opening the East to the West and the West to the East. Through the medium of the Islands, where oriental boys and girls have taken on our manner of life

and entered into the spirit of our social, political and religious institutions, the way is being prepared for a closer association between the United States and the Orient. Out of a population of 191,909 in the Islands, the Orientals—Chinese, Japanese and Koreans—number 105,881. The Church's work among this diversity of tongues and races centers in the cathedral in Honolulu, where the white people and Hawaiians worship. The Chinese and Japanese have churches with priests in charge of their own nationality, the latter sharing its building with a Russian congregation. There are many mission stations scattered throughout the Islands where the people are so diversified in race that to minister to them in their own tongues would require a staff of half a dozen interpreters. Fortunately the children are required to attend the

English-speaking schools, either public or private, and so through them, by story, song and drama, we are able to make known the good news of the Birth of Jesus Christ. Saint Mark's, Kapahulu, of which the writer is in charge, is one of these polyglot stations where the Christmas story is annually presented in picture and song to an interested audience of many nationalities.

It is half an hour's ride by automobile from the cathedral to Kapahulu, which is situated at the foot of Diamond Head, the extinct crater of a volcano which Uncle Sam has made into a great fortress. A settlement of people who have come from the four quarters of the earth have made their homes here. The Church with its day school and dispensary is the only institution that ministers to the children and ours is the pleasure of bringing the message and joy of Christmas to them.

For years the story of the birth of Jesus has been acted at Christmas by the children amidst the tropical setting of the spacious grounds of the school yard. A cocoa palm leaf *lanai* surrounded by ferns and palms is the stable. A Hawaiian girl, whose features and color are similar to those found in Palestine, takes the part of the mother. The angel in the background is a part-Hawaiian girl. With this scene presented, the audience—composed of the parents, the children



SAINT MARK'S MISSION, KAPALULU

who are not taking a part and the visitors from town—joins in singing *Adeste Fideles*. This hymn is the signal for the shepherds, dressed in suits made of burlap bags and accompanied by dogs (for every boy in Kapahulu has a dog) to come upon the scene. During the singing of this hymn the shepherds, scattered about in groups, build fires. This arranges the setting for the hymn *While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night* which also introduces the angel who appears from behind a bank of ferns in the distance.

Beginning with the singing of the fifth verse the angels representing the heavenly host come forth and join in the singing of the hymn *Hark the Herald Angels Sing*. The shepherds wander over to the manger during the singing of *O Little Town of Bethlehem* and form a setting for the scene of the Three Kings, one of whom is a Hawaiian boy, another a Chinese and the third a Spaniard. *As with Glad-*

ness Men of Old, brings the three together from different parts of the grounds and they journey towards the manger where they present their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh during the singing of the carol *We Three Kings of Orient are*. The hymn *Brightest and Best* is then sung and the play is ended by the angels, who surround the manger, singing *Holy Night*.

After an intermission of a few minutes Santa Claus comes running across the lawn accompanied by an assistant. This starts bedlam among the children, especially some little guests of ours from the Kalihi Boys Home who had never seen anything like this. The parents of these boys are inmates of the Molokai Leper Settlement. It was pathetic to see them jump out of their seats with a scream and rush over to their matron. It was not surprising that they did this for some of them had never been away from the Home and their only acquaintance



DIAMOND HEAD AND WAIKIKI BEACH

with Santa Claus was from pictures. Bishop Restarick, who has a very tender spot for the little ones, soon quieted them and led them two by two to this wonderful personage where each received a gift, candy and an orange. This calmed their fears and Santa Claus became very popular before the afternoon passed.

At Christmas time the cathedral parish hall in Honolulu is a most in-

teresting place. Here the children of each race have their special night for their Christmas festivities. To attend them all is like a trip around the world. One night we are in America, the next in the mid-Pacific, then Japan, Korea, China, Russia or whatever the order may be. The visitor is not surrounded with a little handful of people but is lost in a multitude of children and adults. The feeling is



THE SCHOOL GROUNDS, SAINT MARK'S MISSION, KAPALULU





COCOA PALM "LANAI", KAPALULU

This little structure is the center of many of the interesting tableaux and plays that are given at Saint Mark's. It was the stable in the Christmas play. The tropical surroundings are quite different from those often associated with Christmas-time, but surely the Christmas spirit was there

that you are in another land; the sights and sounds are different from those you have been accustomed to, national idiosyncrasies are evident in the serious as well as in the lighter scenes, the Occidental is garbed in the Oriental. A favorite Japanese story is adapted to bring out a Christian virtue to illustrate the difference between mercy and justice. With it all the spirit strikes a sympathetic chord and we enter with these strange people upon a common ground and feel that we are not so far removed from them. The music of the Christmas hymns helps to strengthen this feeling of unity and the truth comes home to us that the world is one in its hopes and ideals. Words and actions speak to the hearts and minds of these strangers to our western customs of the power God sent into the world through the person of Jesus Christ, and the

effect of it all will be the bringing of the nations together in a loyal service for the building up of the Kingdom of Christ.

Christmas in Hawaii includes the Feast of the Epiphany. On that Sunday hundreds of children and adults, many of them dressed in their native finery, come from all parts of the city of Honolulu to take part in the children's service in the cathedral. The different Sunday-schools have their respective places assigned to them, and looking down from the chancel over this throng representative of the glorious work that is being done through the influence of that precious life of our Blessed Lord, one realizes that we are hastening towards the time, so long foretold, when all the nations shall be gathered together and shall acknowledge that Christ is King indeed.

Better Than "Fukubiki"

By the Rev. Roger A. Walke



UKUBIKI is a practice much resorted to in Japan at Christmas entertainments and others. It has possibilities. Yet in its most innocuous form it is based upon a pun, while

at its worst it is a heinous pastime knowing respect for neither God nor man. Let me illustrate. Each guest is given a slip of paper rolled up like a lamp-lighter. On this are written certain words that indicate what prize you are to draw. To instance at random; you find written the words, "That to which both policemen and musicians must keep". This you read out loudly, standing before the giver of the prizes. At once he hands you a large beet, every one laughs and you retire bearing your prize. The Japanese language lends itself to puns and this sort of thing can go on indefinitely, and does.

It may be that the *fukubiki* wit aspires to more elevated spheres; "From North Dakota to Southern Florida" reads your paper, and your prize — "The Descent of Man" (Mann).

All this is only a start and I have been to Christian entertainments when every Bible name and doctrine and story was punned. Therefore when

き う よ み
た た に つ
り た あ つ
て ひ ま い
な つ せ 使
が つ せ ひ
め ん リ の

キ ガ わ 主
リ ビ が なる
ス テ の お
ト の ら ほ
ぞ に き み

we began to talk of our Christmas entertainment I proposed that we eliminate *fukubiki*. Consternation among the committee! Thereupon I suggested that although our congregation was none too large, we had some of the cleverest professors and students in Kyoto, and that one at least of the workers was straight from Harvard with two degrees, and if we could not be entertaining without being disrespectful then let us not be entertaining. It sounded to the committee like being hilarious on grape juice. But they agreed and every one says it was the nicest Christmas entertainment Saint Mary's ever had.

It isn't an easy thing that committee has to do, as the audience is composed of every one from the babes of the kindergarten to old men and women. Also they have to provide not only variety but *length*. The place was packed by six o'clock and the people did not go until ten-forty-five, at which time some of my students asked me to play some more Victor records as things were now so much more quiet! It seemed a very long time since lunch! As the entertainment has to be long and varied it takes much planning to leave out the



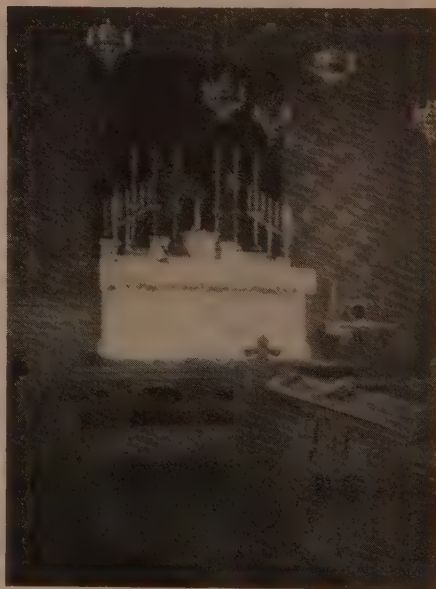
THE REVEREND R. A. WALKER

ever successful *fukubiki* and yet keep things from dragging. But the committee did it.

Undoubtedly the best thing was *The Three Kings*. Our Harvard man, presiding, told the story quite wonderfully, so that the hundreds who a little before had been chortling over the antics of Santa Claus (pardon me, Father Christmas!) were as quiet as though they had known and loved that blessed Babe since they were babes themselves, when in reality perhaps one in three or four was a Christian.

We had worked over that carol and some others. One night at our house we decided to do it in costume—that and *King Wenceslas*. (Years ago, just after I came to Japan, I was a guest at a Christmas entertainment in the country. In the middle of the performance King Wenceslas sent a messenger to beseech the loan of my frock

coat. I exchanged it for my overcoat. King Wenceslas appeared clad exclusively, so far as I know, in a large gold crown and my frock coat. It was most effective, not to say startling! The mere thought of the good king forthright "through the rude wind's wild lament" in that abbreviated costume added to the spell produced by the wavering voice of the king and the quavering voice of the harmonium.) The monarch in Kyoto was very different and thoroughly regal. Of course he started with a large gold-paper crown. Then came a pony-skin coat with an ermine collar. Gauntletted automobile gloves gave him a knightly air, and an ermine stole completed his costume. The page was as good in his way, having among other extraneous garments a pair of ladies' black silk hose almost as long as himself, and suspended down his back a long-haired white sheepskin from China. The only trouble was that the page had just been Father Christmas and his extremely ruddy com-



SAINT MARY'S, KYOTO



KING WENCESLAS AND THE PAGE

plexion ill matched his wearied sentiments and stumbling gait.

By the way, up in the country when some of the young men saw me come in in my overcoat they dashed out and returned in theirs, evidently thinking that foreign etiquette demanded it.

But we must get to the Wise Men. *Melchior* carried a large gold ball, which at times decorates the end of the church flagstaff. His body was wrapped in a heavy gold brocade piano cover, the long fringe of which reached the floor. Around his shoulders was a white silk burnous from Turkey. The hood was up over his head leaving only his shaded face visible. He had left off his glasses and as he swayed, peering near-sightedly, marching slowly in, one could almost believe that the original Wise Man

was there, come from afar with his gold, seeking the King.

Caspar was an Egyptian—at least ours was. Ordinarily a young son of one of the Japanese clergy, that night he was undoubtedly an Egyptian. He was swathed in yards and yards of green curtain which hung perfectly. The costumer had bound tight around his head and over his ears one of those scarfs that come from the Near East. This one was black net and heavily spangled with little pieces of beaten silver—he looked exactly like Seti I in my old *Ancient History*; green, and black, and silver, with its chain held high in one hand he slowly swung by the other a bronze censer.

Balthazar was in red. He had on his own red acolyte's cassock. Around him, over one arm and under the



SUNSET FROM A KYOTO TEMPLE

other, was draped a red Italian blanket of many shades. Round and round his head was wound his red girdle, forming a stunning turban with the fringe hanging over one ear. He carried for his myrrh a gilded Tiffany jewel box.

The story having been told and everything being quiet the organist began the carol. In came the Wise Men slowly, rhythmically. They turn, mount the platform and at last are placed facing the audience. Then the chorus, over by the organ, sings the first verse. *Melchior* takes one step forward, offers his gold and sings his verse: the chorus takes up the refrain. *Balthazar* can really sing and tears are near when the tragic prophecy of his verse is made. They march slowly out again and even the kindergarten kiddies are as quiet as mice until the door shuts upon them.

I must confess that *Melchior* and *Caspar* flatted a goodish bit but that did not bother many of their hearers. Said they to the organist, "Something was the matter with our verses—we

think it was the organ"—a sad blow after she had slaved to teach them and dismantled herself and her house to clothe them.

The war has helped to bring Christmas before the Japanese. Much of the German toy trade has been captured by Japan. American buyers have told them what to make, and whatever is left over or rejected is placed on sale in Japan. "Merry Christmas" was all over Kyoto!

And as in old days, the children inevitably asked their elders, "What mean ye by all this?" and demanded some kind of answer, so it is in Japan today. Through trade, through present-giving, through good carols poorly done, through Wise Men made out of window curtains—by divers portions and in divers manners, even by *fukubiki!* is the story of the Birth being told in Japan. And more and more are the young Japanese demanding to know what it means; and are seeking Him, to offer Him their treasures like other wise men.



A Feast of Lights

By Mary Droste

El Rey de los reyes,
Príncipe celeste,
Humilde escogió el seno virginal;
Dios verdadero desde el siglo eterno

Vengamos, adoremos,
Vengamos adoremos,
Vengamos adoremos,
Al Rey de paz.



SINCE the American occupation, the Porto Ricans know about Christmas trees, cards and presents. Before that time, little was known. The way they used to celebrate Christmas was by having a feast and plenty

of good things to eat on Christmas-eve, in fact the majority still celebrates the Saviour's birth in this way.

The usual menu consists of: Roast pig, turkey, pasteles and sweets. Pasteles are a sort of pudding made out of platanos, meat, olives, raisins, and spices. The mixture is wrapped in platano leaves and tied up in small packages and cooked.

In the towns, after feasting, many go to the Church at midnight. A mass is there celebrated and the Christ Child in a manger, with the holy Virgin and Joseph standing near, are an attraction for the congregation. On Christmas day nobody works, but there is no exchanging of presents or gathering around Christmas trees in the homes of most of the native population. But do not pity the little Porto Ricans because on January sixth they are going to make up for it.

On January fifth they put their boxes with grass ready for the horses



MRS. DROSTE AT HOME

of the *Santos Reyes* (Holy Kings) who are supposed to visit during the night, on their way to Bethlehem. On the morning of the sixth the children find the grass gone, but toys and sweets instead, and soon one hears the sound of toy trumpets in every direction. The children have their day. In some places three boys representing Balthasar, Caspar, and Melchior, ride on horseback through the streets followed by the little folks. One is



CHILDREN AT EL COTO

always black and rides in the middle, representing Melchior, the Ethiopian king.

San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico, is as gay around Christmas time as any city in the United States, the shop-windows are well supplied with Christmas trees, toys and trimmings, and everybody carries bundles and packages.

The missions at work in Porto Rico have introduced the Christmas tree in the Sunday-schools and now the children have two feasts instead of one.

The *Santos Reyes* are still dear to the little folks, but around the Christmas tree they hear also the message of the newborn King who came to bring peace on earth and good-will towards men.

In El Coto de Manati the Sunday-school of The Resurrection celebrates the Saviour's birth in this way:

On Christmas-eve we have a Feast of Lights. The chapel is then decorated, recitations are said by the pupils and hymns are sung, while more than a hundred small, colored

candles add to the brightness of the service. Each year we have a different programme. The last was *Jesus the Light of the World*. A large wooden star occupied the space between the chancel rails, and a number of little boys and girls came forward, each one carrying a small candle. They recited verses referring to light and placed their candles on the star. After all the candles were fastened and lighted, one girl put in the center, in large cardboard letters, JESUS.

One of the numbers on the programme is always the reading of the roll of honor, containing the names of those pupils who have ninety per cent. or over for good attendance. Those who never missed a single Sunday get a premium.

After the last recitation is said the climax of happiness for the children is coming. Presents and candy reach their destination and after they are dismissed with the wish that all may be present on the next Christmas festival, they leave for their humble homes where the *Santos Reyes* seldom get a chance to leave presents behind.





"FROM THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS"
See "Better than Fukubiki" (page 835)



CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SNOW
See "*A Feast of Lights*" (page 839)



THE ARCHDEACON OF THE PLAINS
See "Christmas on the Plains" (page 353)



SAINT STEPHEN'S, FORT YUKON, ALASKA
See "Adeste Fideles" (page 819)



THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES
See "The Cobbler and the Christ-Child" (page 823)



THE CHAPEL AT BACURANAO ON CHRISTMAS EVE
See "Felices Pasquas!" (page 827)



ENTRANCE TO THE MISSION COMPOUND AT WUSIH
See "Heralds of Pewtertown" (page 849)



CHOIR GIRLS OF MANY NATIONALITIES IN A HONOLULU MISSION
See "Many Tongues Shall Praise Him" (page 831)

Heralds of Pewtertown

By the Rev. John M. Nichols



THE twenty-fourth day of the month by the sun, by the moon the thirtieth day of the eleventh month; also Christmas-eve—but only .0044 of the inhabitants know that—sky overcast, temperature about 50, a little wind.

Five minutes inside the South Gate, a large block of land; on the street borders, grey and black Chinese houses; some old walls; plots of barren ground; two mulberry groves; a small temple used as a police sub-station; a rather large gate with walls built of foreign brick. In the middle of the block and touching the street in places, a large space, walled about, levelled and with paths; a good number of trees and several buildings—a church, three foreign residences, a school, two or three “half and half” buildings, a tennis ground and a school play-ground with goal-posts. The play-ground is roped off; various peculiar markings have been newly made on it in lime. The goal posts are gay with strings of greens and brilliant paper emblems; a coolie driving posts—no one else in sight.

凡屬信士
俱各迅速
整齊上
伯利恒
生爲天使之君

須來歌唱歡聲
去見彼嬰孩
故當俯伏恭敬拜主基督

About one o'clock a few small boys appear; an occasional diminutive girl; shortly, more are in evidence—some well dressed, most rather poorly, all fat with wadded cotton clothes. In marches a line of forty children; another of twenty; a troop of thirty boy scouts in greenish khaki with poles and other equipment; stragglers from all sides. The play-ground has become a concourse of children, mostly standing idle outside the ropes; a few are running hither and thither inside. Four hundred Chinese children of Pewtertown.

Where do they come from? Why, some are from the preaching hall outside the South Gate; some from the one outside the West Gate on the way to Pewter Mountain; some from the Iron-beaters Bridge inside the North Gate; some from the Sunday-school outside the East Gate; some come to Sunday-school in the church; some are from the “Increase of Wisdom” school; some from the “People’s Foundation” school; some from the “Earnest Progress” school; and some belong to Saint Mark’s boarding school for Christian boys. They are all heathen except the last.



GENERAL VIEW OF PEWTERTOWN (WUSIH)

At two o'clock some men appear and order and action evolve. The children gather into groups about men evidently known to them, and things begin to happen within the roped-off space, producing shouts of excitement, or rolls of laughter from the little folk outside. Here is the programme as I saw it and as it lies before me:

1. *Vaung zung zing ji* (Blind man seeking flag).
2. *Bah oo* (Pulling over the river).
3. *Tsung tuh hoo ts* (Fighting to catch the tiger's son).
4. *Tshau dau jung tseu* (Spoon and walnut race).
5. *Muh hsi* (Play in the dark).
6. Songs—*Hwo yoen* (Flower garden); *Sau di* (Sweeping the ground); *Zkyi* (The seasons).

Some things happened that were not on the programme; volunteer performances by boys from the schools. I've forgotten them all except a very solemn dance that the little troop of boy scouts did.

By and by the songs and games are ended, and with much marshalling

and shouting, all are finally seated on the ground in semi-circular array about a table near one of the goal posts. Then another programme starts. Here it is:

1. Hymn 21. *Khoen yang kuh nyung khoen seu yang juin* (While shepherds watched their flocks).
2. Prayer and address by Pastor K. L. Nieh.
3. Hymn 12. *Long tsong sing Tsu mungdoo* (O Come all ye faithful).
4. Hymn 18. *Koo z thien s koo tsang lung ya* (It came upon the mid-night clear).

These last were sung by groups of children that had specially prepared them.

After this an attempt to gain silence, much marred by disputes as to where one was to put one's feet when one's neighbor was sitting on the only available space.

Then a list of "honors and rewards" is read; and children come up to receive them much as children in the Kingdom of the Flowery Flag do. (Do you know where that is?)



SOME OF SAINT MARK'S SCHOOLBOYS, WUSIH

Then great bustle; and out from the school building come large baskets filled with small parcels wrapped in foreign newspaper; these are the general gift for everybody. I got one. Would you like to know what was in it?

1. A small orange.
2. Somewhere between ten and twenty peanuts.
3. Three small sweet crackers.
4. Three little dumplings with a bit of meat inside.
5. Two candy suckers.

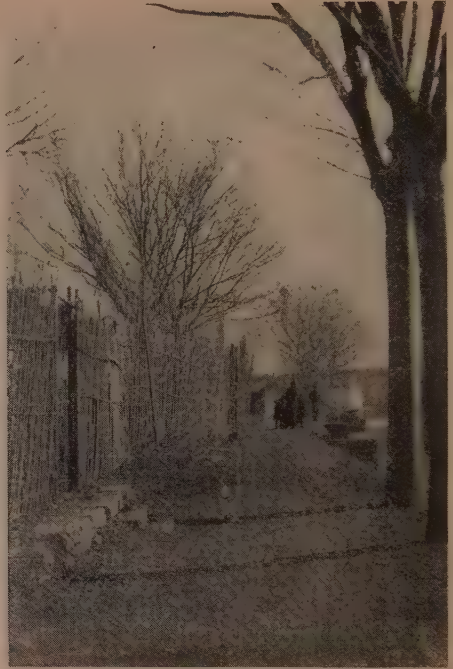
Not much of a Christmas present was it? But then it was the first Christmas present that a good many ever got, and that made *some* difference.

The little semi-circle gets up off the ground; sings a hymn, and dissolves rapidly. Off march the boy scouts; off march little groups of children back to their neighborhoods for distribution; off straggle the stragglers. The overstrained ropes droop; papers blow about the play-ground;

the table stands alone by the goal post; and quiet comes for a bit.

But not for long; Boom!! goes the great compound iron bell, cast after the pattern of a temple bell, but always giving a Christian call to the people of Pewtertown. Boom!! People appear again going toward the church. The church lights shine; the greens glimmer. The prophet speaks again in a tongue as old as his own. Mary's song is sung; the Evangelist tells his tale again; around the font gather two children, a woman and five men, and the old symbol of the new life is enacted again. It is almost dark as the service is over. The last hymn is sung and everyone goes out.

But not to scatter; at the door stand the sexton and the gardener distributing lighted paper lanterns held on short sticks. Shortly the congregation is in line two and two, with Saint Mark's boys at the head. The school raises *O Come all ye Faithful* and off the lanterns go, shining along the compound paths to a corner



SOME OF THE CHILDREN AND THE STREET THEY PLAY ON

far off on the other side, and there under the clear cool sky with an outline of Chinese tile roofs and the sound of a passing *ricksha* on the street outside, stands a straw hut with a star lantern on top, by it a donkey and two goats, and inside Mary and Joseph and three shepherds and a manger. We see it all in the dark because a light hidden in the manger shines out and lightens our eyes. There is a hymn or two while the darkness deepens; as other things fade from sight the figures become more and more distinct from the light in the manger. A couple of neighbors yell at each other over the wall as to what it is all about. The procession winds back to the church and Christmas-eve is over.

But in a moment we are called to see the lanterns again. Sure enough,

there they go bobbing across the compound. This time at the head are three large white illuminations; there is singing again too.

"What is it?" we ask.

Why the Christians at the South Gate—or some of them—thought it would be a good thing to tell the people about them that it is Christmas time. So they borrowed the lanterns and had the Sunday-school children from their district wait till service was over, and all marched back through the streets together. So at last the end of Christmas-eve was the sound of *While Shepherds Watched* coming more and more faintly back from the South Gate of Pewtertown.


All glory be to God on High
And to the earth be peace. *Amen.*



Christmas on the Plains

By Archdeacon Wicks

Oh come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.



THE "Texas Plains" are larger than the Holy Land. The extreme mission stations in my care are farther apart than Dan was from Beersheba. It is evident therefore that the spirit of Christmas is largely in the keeping of the faithful Churchmen, because it is physically impossible for the missionary-in-charge to visit all of them at once. And when we seek to find if the spirit of Christmas is present with them, we find that it is wonderfully so; in the small mission, in the parish, among scattered individuals, in towns and on the ranch.

Most of our missions, at best, are visited but once each month. On the great festivals of the Church year, therefore, it is not surprising to find a kindly, spirited Christian rivalry spring up between the different stations for these services. And so it does. Years sometimes pass some of our little missions without a Christmas Day service. But when the turn of each finally comes it is a delight and inspiration to feel the joy and enthusiasm radiate from each member of the small congregation. Many of the missions are ably manned at this as at other times of the year by lay-

readers. These men read the service and in the absence of the priest-in-charge minister loyally to the people.

There are many things that interfere with fully realizing the ideal of the Church at Christmas. Distances are great and it is impossible for many of our ranch people to go to any church without driving thirty or forty miles. However, many of them do drive even that far to come to service. A service is greatly appreciated by them and heartily entered into when they come. They literally believe as is proved by their acts that "where two or three are gathered together" Christ is in the midst of them. Another thing that enters into the situation and makes the service in the smaller missions sometimes impossible is the shifting nature of the population. People in this comparatively new country are coming and going constantly. A member may be gained today and lost tomorrow. Particularly is this true at the Christmas season when many return "home" to spend the holidays. Many members of the missions are but transient but nevertheless there is a gradual growth that makes for permanent development.

The "Plains" with its recent rapid growth occupies a peculiar place in the missionary districts of the Church. Miles and miles of fertile lands hitherto only used for grazing are now being opened up to the farmer and



CHRISTMAS IN A NEW TOWN



ON THE TEXAS PLAINS

small stock raiser. Thousands of acres, without a tree or rock in sight and as level as the floor, are being occupied by people from all parts of the United States. New railroads now built and others building have opened up new towns calling for attention. The people who come here are of the "all sorts and conditions of men" for whom the Church prays, and to whom the missionary tries to minister.

One of the points of contact between these people, so different and yet so alike, is the municipal Christmas tree. A tree arranged and partaken of by the whole community. All minister and many are generously ministered unto. It seems to have found instant favor and to be destined as a permanent institution of the future, displacing the denominational Christmas tree. The spirit of the season is here manifest in a contagious way. The spirit of brotherhood finds

in it a great opportunity for expression. Many of the most sacred teachings of the Church find real embodiment in this community festival, although because of our small numbers we can have but small part in it. Yet the impress of our people here as in many places is wonderfully felt.

It is difficult for the missionary to do all he wishes to do. Particularly is this true at Christmas when he wishes to reach all his people with at least the season's greetings. Some coming into new towns would be permanently lost unless accidentally found. Our clergy of the older dioceses seem to think that if a person moves away unless a letter is requested their obligation ceases. I do not think so. To follow the child of the Church into his new field of labor is a part of his work, if this can possibly be done. In most cases it can be easily done and the man in charge of that field noti-



THE MISSION AT PLAINVIEW

fied so he may look him up and keep hold of him. In but two cases in four years have I been so informed of people moving or about to move into towns in my care.

On the whole in this magnificent field of labor, Christmas brings with it a sense of achievement, with God's blessing resting upon it. It is foundation work and Christmas is another brick in the wall. This work is not so much noticed as the superstructure but none the less important. In this is recompense and joy to the willing and interested worker. No prophetic vision is necessary to see the importance of this work for the future.

There is nothing spectacular or of a "boom" nature here to talk about or see. On all sides there is a quiet unassuming forging to the front of serviceableness. Our vast plains are coming to be looked to for large supplies of wheat, maize and kaffir. Thousands of cattle are shipped yearly to the great markets. This all empha-

sizes the need of the Christmas spirit, which is the Christ spirit, in this field, and the importance of the mission work of the district. At this Christmas time we all feel that life in all the world is made a little better and a little less burdensome because of our work. We feel that we have contributed to the world's welfare in our humble way. We know that "The Plains" people are a cosmopolitan people and a generous one in their great producing area.

The future of our mission work is assured. Small, yes, but weak only in numbers. In days to come the sacred spirit of the Christmas season that is now so faithfully carried out by the few, will be multiplied a thousandfold. We pray that the added numbers that will then labor will do so with the same loyalty, the same devotion to their Church, the same love for God, that now marks the efforts of the far-flung groups of Churchmen on the Texas Plains.



LAYING OF CORNERSTONE, CHURCH GENERAL HOSPITAL, WUCHANG, SEPTEMBER 22, 1917

AT LAST!

By Mary Latimer James, M.D.

One of the most interesting appeals which has been made to the Church in recent years is that for the building of the new Church General Hospital, Wuchang, China. At its meeting in Saint Louis prior to the General Convention of 1916, the Board authorized an appeal to the Church for the necessary funds. Through the energy of many friends this fund has been steadily growing (it is not yet complete; for details see page 864) until now the new buildings have actually been begun. Fortunately Dr. James, who is in charge of the woman's department, was able to wait in China long enough for the actual service of the laying of the cornerstone before starting to America on her much-needed furlough. The woman's department is closed temporarily while the building is being done and Dr. James plans returning after a year in America in graduate study.



A GATE IN
WUCHANG

AS a result of the valiant efforts of our friends in America, especially during last year's campaign, the new, fireproof, convenient, well-ventilated "Church General Hospital", Wuchang, of which you have heard so repeatedly and imploringly in our appeals, is actually becoming a brick and concrete reality. Last June, after many delays and much anxiety, Bishop Roots was finally able to let the contract to build. Ill as he had been for several days, he had kept up his vital concern and unsparing efforts for the hospital until at last he had actually seen the transaction through and given the order, "Start!"

And it was none too early, as he realized all too well. Already the condition of the buildings of the women's department had compelled a decision to close up that side of the hospital not merely for a few months but until the long-hoped-for new building should be ready for use. With sad hearts we were facing an indefinite blank in our medical work for women and children, yet there was no reasonable alternative. The old, unsani-

tary quarters had reached a degree of dilapidation too great to warrant further risk, to patients and staff, of not quite dodging slabs of falling plaster or of not pushing the foot through a rotten board at just the right angle to avoid a sprained ankle. It is wonderful what rain and snow leaking through loosely tiled roofs, and rot and white ants working up through soft wood floors, can accomplish by persistent efforts. Nor is the ancient structure, still serving as the men's department of the hospital, anything to boast of. To be sure it is a fairly imposing, two-story edifice, set up considerably above the street, and hence enjoying a fair degree of natural drainage. But its roof leaks first here, then there, and frequently here and there at the same time. Its floors present an unevenness of finish calculated to discourage the most indefatigable New England housewife. Its attics vie with those of the women's department in their rat crop. This very summer a party of those lively gray rodents welcomed Miss Gibson to her work in the men's building by nightly vaudeville performances up and down the mosquito netting over her bed.

Under these circumstances it was with immeasurable relief, as you may well imagine, that we received the joyful news of the letting of the contract for the whole new hospital building, as

planned, except the "V" wards at the west end of the men's department.

Then, almost in a night, so it seemed, there arose on the spot such a forest of young telegraph poles that we wanted to rub our eyes to make sure we were not just dreaming. In America walls and scaffolding have a way of rising more or less simultaneously, but not so in China. In that "Flowery Republic" the contour of a building such as ours is first marked out by a double line of most unstable looking, powdery lime, which indicates the location of the trenches to be dug for the foundations. (It is not a land of cellars, for topside is damp enough.) Then there suddenly springs up—or slowly if your men are not on their job—an outer border of bare tree trunks from the tops of which speedily blossom forth bunches of brush, fastened there by the superstitious workmen to appease any spirits who may feel themselves molested. Simultaneously with this forestation the digging of the foundation ditches begins.

Thus, during the summer, first the outline of our building, trees above and trenches below, came into being. Then solid foundations sent down their roots, and firm brick walls began to grow upwards. By the middle of September the out-patient department—the street-ward, one-story appendage to the main buildings—was already a brick shell nearing completion, and a few days later a red tile roof began to cover it over. By that time brick walls, rising a few feet or more, had begun to mark off the first floor of the main building and to differentiate this space into corridors and rooms.

Such was the state of progress when Saturday, the twenty-second of September, found us ready to lay the corner stone. The latest possible date had been chosen before the disbanding of part of the hospital staff, to give the extreme heat of summer a chance to break. The first of the week had been sultry and most uncomfortable, but

by Friday the temperature had moderated and Saturday dawned cool and bracing, although a bit showery. A board flooring had been spread over builders' bumps and gullies at the site where the ceremony was to take place, and a large piece of Chinese oil-cloth—yellow of course—had been stretched as a canopy over the platform where the bishop and his clergy were to stand.

The spot chosen for the corner stone was not a corner at all but the center of the back wall of the chapel, the junction of the men's and women's departments of the building. On the square face of the big grey stone had been chiselled a neat cross and a brief inscription. Back in the heart of the stone, soon to be sealed away in the depth of the wall, lay a small brass box containing a Chinese Bible, Prayer Book, and Hymnal, the October, 1916, issue of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*, papers of the day, current coins, and other "relics". The trowel and mortar stood ready at hand.

Picture us, if you can, a happy throng of Chinese and foreigners, grouped in a sort of irregular, flattened semicircle, with Bishop Roots and his imposing array of vested clergy as our base. After a momentary pause of expectation the bishop's clear Chinese tones are heard, announcing the first hymn, and thereupon Mr. Kemp's cornet raises its glad voice to lead us in singing. Then follows a short, simple service, freely interspersed with hymns, and a still shorter address in which our attention is called to the real significance of the occasion, and our thoughts led on to a vision of what our mission hospital should mean to Wuchang.

The Church's one Foundation,
Is Jesus Christ her Lord.

So sang our lips that day, though in Chinese words, and so may our hearts and lives sing as long as God shall permit us to serve Him in the healing of China's millions.



CLASS OF LEPERS CONFIRMED BY BISHOP McKIM AT KUSATSU, JAPAN, 1916

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

By the Reverend H. R. Carson

IN the *Quarterly Leaflet* of Intercessions and Thanksgivings for Missions, issued by the Church Prayer League in October, there was just a brief note of the work among the lepers at Kusatsu Sulphur Springs, Japan, ending with "the bishop is trying to build a church and recreation hall". Thinking it would be interesting to our own people at the Mission of the Holy Comforter to the lepers, at Palo Seco, Panama, I read the sketch to them, adding what I could remember having seen in *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* (November, 1915) in reference to the work.

Yesterday, when I made my weekly visit to Palo Seco, I was handed \$30.20, gold, which they desired I should send to Bishop McKim as a Christmas present, as their help towards building a church at Kusatsu.

You can realize, perhaps, what this means to them. They have their little chicken runs, and their plots of ground on the hillside, and the government buys from them what they have to sell—eggs, vegetables and the like. Out of these savings, for the very first time, they have made a gift to others suffering as themselves from isolation, loneliness, discouragement and a sense of uselessness in the world. Perhaps their example to others more fortunately situated may hasten the day when the whole world may celebrate the Birth of Christ.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

W. C. STURGIS, PH.D., SECRETARY

MY correspondence indicates that there is a wide-spread impression, even among the clergy, that this department exists solely for the purpose of supplying material for mission study classes to the Woman's Auxiliary. This impression is an utterly mistaken one. The mission study class has been found to be the most effective means of giving up-to-date information regarding the Church's Mission, to Church people at large—men, women and children—and to develop in their minds an intelligent interest, based on accurate information, in the most fundamental problem and the most pressing duty which confronts the Church to-day. The War and all of the activities and demands made in connection with it, are matters of immediate, but transitory, importance. Beneath the surface waves and storms, runs the eternal current of the Church's life and activity. At this time of temporary confusion, even more than in times of peace, the mind of every member of the Church must be settled in a fixed determination not to permit any lesser demand to supersede the supreme obligation of stimulating the Church's vitality, in order that She may carry out the everlasting purpose of Her existence. Perfect familiarity with every phase of the Church's activities throughout the world, and a renewed determination to forward those activities at any cost, is the first duty of every loyal servant of God. To arouse Church people, and especially the men of the Church, both clerical and lay, is the purpose of the mission study class and of all the work which the educational department is undertaking.

THE publication of the "Suggestions" to accompany the textbook in Course No. I has been unavoidably delayed. The pamphlet will be ready December first.

*
The attention of classes planning to study Africa and African missions should be called to a small pamphlet entitled *Ethiopia*, prepared by Dr. H. K. W. Kumm, and published recently by the Church Missions Publishing Co., Hartford, Connecticut. It may prove an excellent introduction to Dr. Kumm's forthcoming book, *African Missionary Heroes and Heroines*, which The Macmillan Company promises in November.

*
A pamphlet with the title *Bible Readings for Meditation in Connection with the Cycle of Prayer for 1917-1918* has been prepared by the educational department of the Woman's Auxiliary, diocese of Massachusetts.*

For each day in the month there is a suggested Bible reading with a verse to be learned by heart and a subject for prayer, with a reference to an appropriate prayer from the Cycle.

This admirable pamphlet should have a wide use. It might well be in the hands of every Churchman.

*
The Missionary Education Movement has recently issued a new edition of "The Why and How" with the word "Foreign" omitted, and such other changes as were necessary to bring the matter up to date. Owing to these alterations, the cost of the book has increased. We are therefore obliged to raise the price to fifty cents from December first.

*Obtainable from The Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price, 5c. each; 50c. per dozen.

NEWS AND NOTES



QUEEN LILIUOKALANI AT THE PRIORY SCHOOL, HONOLULU

The Queen sits in the center between the two venerable sisters who founded the school; Bishop Restarick is slightly behind

THE death of Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands in the early part of November removes one of the most interesting personages in the mission field. Her interest in the Church was sincere and she played a very large part in our work in the Islands. We hope soon to give a general account of her activities in connection with the Church.

✱

THE November edition of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS is entirely exhausted. We shall be grateful if any who have copies to spare will send them to Room 51, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

✱

For many years past we have published an index in the December issue of The Spirit of Missions. As an index is only of value to those who preserve a file of the magazines, it seems an unnecessary expense to

bind it in every December number. We shall therefore publish the index for 1917 separately, in a limited edition. Copies will be sent free to any who desire them. Address Literature Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

✱

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

THE executive committee of the Board of Missions held its regular meeting on November thirteenth. The matters which were brought to its attention were mostly routine. In view of the emergency in his district a special appropriation was made to enable Bishop Aves to assist the Mexican clergy. A resolution was adopted giving Bishop McKim and Dr. Teusler permission to offer Saint Luke's Hospital, Tokyo, to the United States government as a base hospital if needed.

Several clergymen are urgently needed to fill vacancies in Cuba. Any who are interested are asked to correspond with the secretary for Latin America, the Reverend Arthur R. Gray, D.D., 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.



AS has been announced in the general press, the House of Bishops at a special session held in Chicago in October, elected the Reverend John C. Sage bishop of the district of Salina and the Reverend William P. Remington as bishop-suffragan of South Dakota. We are happy to announce that both have accepted subject to the usual canonical requirements.



THE Reverend H. R. Carson, our missionary at Ancon in the Canal Zone, was troubled by a debt of nearly \$1,500 on the school among the West Indian negroes at Balboa. Last Labor Day he got up a special excursion and took about 1,600 people from Colon over to the other side of the Isthmus. It was an old-fashioned basket picnic and was highly successful. Each paid a dollar and as the result they were able to pay off over a thousand dollars of the debt.



AS the work of the Board of Missions increases it becomes necessary from time to time to ask some of the societies which have had headquarters in the Church Missions House for many years to give up their rooms. Some time ago the Church Temperance Society took an office in the Metropolitan building, and last month The Daughters of the King found a new home in Room 84, Bible House, Astor Place, New York. The officers of the Board regret to lose their old neighbors, but the crowded condition of some of the departments—notably the Educational Department and the Woman's Auxiliary—made relief imperative.

TWO of our retired missionary bishops celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their consecration in December. The Right Reverend Lemuel Henry Wells, D.D., was consecrated on December 16, 1892, as the first bishop of the missionary district of Spokane. The Right Reverend William Crane Gray, D.D., was consecrated as the first bishop of the missionary district of Southern Florida, December 29, 1892. Both Bishop Wells and Bishop Gray resigned in 1913.



THE Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has issued a Call to a week of prayer, December 30, 1917-January 6, 1918. In the letter announcing the Call the president of the Council says: "The magnitudes of the times are so great that nothing human can compass them. God has pressed back into our trembling hands the supreme instrument of approach to Himself." A list of the special topics for intercession, with other information, may be obtained by addressing the secretary, the Reverend C. S. Macfarland, Room 612, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York.



THE Girls' Friendly Society reports a most successful year, especially in the interest shown in and help given to the missions of the Church. Nineteen of the associates and members are now at work in the mission field. Almost eight thousand dollars in money, besides boxes the value of which was over seven thousand dollars, were distributed among the various fields, foreign and domestic, including work among negroes and that in the mountains of the South. This splendid showing is largely due to the leadership of Miss Margaret C. Maule of Philadelphia, the head of the central department of the society.

NOTES ON AUTHORIZED APPEALS

The Board of Missions has authorized a number of special appeals. Notes regarding some of these will be found on this page from month to month

Porto Rico. Bishop Colmore has been travelling in this country for the past month and has met with a gratifying response to his appeal for his work. There is so much to be done here that the need is still very great.

Church of Our Saviour, Akita, Japan.

This is in an important Japanese city where our work is being seriously hampered because we have no adequate church. \$5,000 will build the church. \$3,800 have already been given or pledged. Here, too, generous gifts are necessarily inactive until the fund is complete.

Southern Cross School, Porto Alegre, Brazil.

This is our only boarding-school for boys in the vast republic of Brazil. Funds are needed to equip it satisfactorily. The principal, the Reverend W. M. M. Thomas, is still in the States and will be glad to respond to inquiries or requests for addresses.

Saint Agnes's School, Kyoto, Japan.

Offerings and pledges received to November first total \$48,810. This leaves a balance of \$21,190 to be secured to complete the \$70,000 fund. Bishop Tucker and the Board of Missions are relying upon the branches of the Woman's Auxiliary throughout the country to complete the fund by the offerings to be made at the corporate celebrations of the Holy Communion during the last week of the Pilgrimage of Prayer.

Kumagaya, Japan. The treasurer of the Board has received only \$2,687 on account of the \$8,000 fund asked for by Bishop McKim and the Reverend R. W. Andrews to provide a church, residence and school in this important city of 20,000 people. Mr. Andrews sailed for Japan on November ninth. The Board will continue to forward to him any offerings received. Dr. John W. Wood will take pleasure in supplying information to any who may be willing to help this most needy mission.

Church General Hospital, Wuchang, China. An account of the laying of the cornerstone appears on page 857. Particularly significant is this:

"Nor is the ancient structure, still serving as the men's department of the hospital, anything to boast of—its roof leaks first here, then there, and frequently here and there at the same time. Its floors present an unevenness of finish calculated to discourage the most indefatigable New England housewife. Its attics vie with those of the women's department in their rat crop."

A thank-offering or a memorial gift of \$8,500 will enable the men's wing to be constructed simultaneously and therefore most economically. Such a gift would splendidly supplement the generous offering of \$4,000 received a few days ago from the five Virginia friends for the erection of the children's ward as a memorial to their mother. To November first offerings and pledges total about \$120,000.

The Shitaya Mission, Tokyo, Japan. No more striking story of the power of God to regenerate and bless human life has ever been told in the pages of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* than that of the Shitaya Mission as outlined in the Reverend P. K. Goto's article on page 543 of the August number. Even if one-quarter of the readers of the *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* were willing to send \$1 each, the \$10,000 Bishop McKim and Mr. Goto ask for would be provided. To November first, only \$680 has been received.

The Church at Hirosaki, Japan. Last winter, the Reverend S. H. Nichols, with the co-operation of the Board was asking for \$5,000 to build a church to replace the old billiard hall in which our services have been held for a number of years. Some \$2,721 have already been given. The last \$1,000 has been promised. \$1,279 are still needed. Cannot this small matter be closed up speedily in order that building may proceed? Bishop McKim and Mr. Nichols naturally hesitate to incur indebtedness. Meanwhile, the generous amount already given cannot be used until the fund is complete.

Saint Timothy's, Tokyo, Japan. Good friends in various parts of the country have sent to the Reverend J. A. Welbourn or to the Board of Missions \$922 to aid in building the \$5,000 parish house for Saint Timothy's Church. The Hongo district, in which the church is situated, is densely populated. The parish house is an absolute necessity, especially if the work of Saint Timothy's is to be carried on among the younger people. Mr. Welbourn sailed for Japan November thirtieth. Unless the fund is speedily completed, the

\$922 already given will be tied up for a long period, doing nothing but draw interest. It will be useless for building purposes, but makes a good start upon the amount needed. A description of this interesting work appeared in *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* for June, 1917.

Changsha, China. In these days the Board of Missions hesitates to authorize additional special appeals. When, however, a missionary like the Reverend Walworth Tyng, reinforced by the urgent plea of Bishop Roots and the council of advice in the district of Hankow, points out the really marvelous opportunities for extending the evangelistic work in a great provincial capital such as Changsha, there is nothing for the Board of Missions to do but to let the people of the Church know the facts. To buy the necessary land and equip the Changsha Mission as it should be equipped, and to provide for the big neighboring city of Changdeh, which is at present an outstation, would require \$75,000. The Board feels that it would not be wise to appeal for the full amount at the present time, but it has felt that it would be wrong not to authorize Mr. Tyng to tell why \$15,000 is needed immediately for land and \$3,000 for the erection of a building.

One friend has promised to give \$5,000 for the erection of a church at Changdeh, where we own no land. Bishop Roots says: "If Mr. Tyng comes back empty-handed, I do not see how we are going to house our workers in this most progressive and hopeful of all the fields of evangelistic effort in the district of Hankow."

An article by Mr. Tyng appears on page 763 of the November *SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*.

OUR LETTER BOX

Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field

In a recent letter the Reverend P. A. Smith of our mission in Fukui, Japan, writes as follows:

YOU may be interested to know that I have been appointed one of the Advisory Members of the Perfectual Educational Association as a representative of Christianity. The appointment was made along with some twenty or thirty others, of whom five are representatives of religious bodies, three Buddhists, one Shinto Priest, and myself. The choosing was done, of course, by the officers of the Association, not by the Christians, nor at the suggestion of the Christians, which makes this a rather remarkable step forward for such a backward, anti-Christian place as Fukui Prefecture. I shall probably be able to do but very little real work on the matter that will come before us, but the fact that Christianity has been thus recognized is worth noting as a sign of progress, anyhow.



The conditions which the Church is facing in the great district of Spokane—which comprises two-thirds of the State of Washington—are graphically depicted in the following letter from the Reverend H. H. Mitchell:

COLFAX is a clean little city of about 3,000 people, situated in a gash in the hills, yet with an altitude of 2,000 feet. It is ringed round with hills upon which King Wheat sits in regal comfort. So steep are these hills that it is no uncommon thing to see eight horses pulling a one-share plow. Trees are seldom seen in the district.

The church has been struggling along here for over fifteen years. She occupies a prominent place in the community but is never likely to become other than a strong mission center, for the city is so placed geographically as to be incapable of any great extension. The church is likely to be al-

ways a strong center, helping to build up other churches yet never large herself. From early days she has had a hard struggle to hold her own. A large frame church, dedicated to the Good Samaritan, stands on the Main Street in a commanding position with a rather topheavy tower. The rectory lies across the Palouse river about three blocks away. There are less than fifty-six communicants, several of a non-earning age, some gone to war. No less than twelve of our little body have volunteered or gone to the army or navy. We have their names posted on our roll of honor in church, and say the army and navy collects at every service with special intention. We have an active guild without which we could accomplish none of these things. There is also a junior guild of Saint Agnes. Our Sunday-school numbers twenty-five pupils. The vested choir numbers sixteen. In addition to Church work, there is much to do for our country in these days of national stress. One of our great needs is a parish hall. The lack of it is a great hindrance to our efficiency and growth. The ubiquitous Ford would also be a great help in reaching the outlying communities where there are Church folk. A few hundred dollars would give us what we want, but it is impossible to raise it locally while struggling under our present heavy burden.

So we go on our way, not expecting to accomplish great things, but steadily pressing forward, always according to the good hand of our God upon us, and ever remembering the words of Saint Gregory:

"A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing."

Every missionary abroad takes the One-Day Income Plan seriously to heart. Here is one evidence of the fact. A member of the staff in Japan writes:

I HAVE been having a case of, a very light case of, I fear, guilty conscience for some time and this morning as I was reading the *Living Church* I had another little twinge of it and it set me to work on this machine. The fact is, I have felt that I owed an apology to the Board for not having sent in my day's income this year.

You will know by and by when the bill comes in that there have been some very extensive and expensive repairs put on this house this year, and maybe you will think that this place is a sort of bottomless pit for financial purposes. But the repairs had to be made, or the house would go to ruin. The roof has leaked ever since we came and it seemed to be of no avail to mend it, so at last, since extensive repairs had to be made on account of the damage by last winter's snow, we had it all relaid by one of the most reliable firms in the country. Then the painting has been needed for three or four years, and at last is being done. Then there was an old godown on the place that was fast falling to pieces, and I sold that for enough to buy the material for a wood-house for the church and one for us as well.

Now this does not tell where I spent my money: it is only my idea of why I ought to be excused for not sending that one day's income. I think that when I have used my own hands, both those attached to my body and those whom I hire by the month, as much as that, for mission work, I may be entitled to use that day's income in some other way. I am not going to tell you where I used it beyond saying that it went for good purposes and that I have lived in a style and eaten food that would satisfy even the most ardent disciple of the simple life all the time I have been here at home alone and am not at all the worse for it.

Some of the recommendations for war diet in the Church papers sound funny, when I think what I have been living and staying fat, if not growing fat, on.

*

Bishop Funsten of Idaho has received from the Reverend John E. Shea, who has recently taken charge of the work among Indians on the Fort Hall Reservation, the following letter which he is sharing with our readers:

I AM stressing the great need of help for the old Indians who have so little in the way of clothing to protect them from the cold, especially the women.

I am satisfied that if you have the opportunity to represent to the Church at large that there is no house at the mission for our accommodation, and that our household goods are still in their packing cases and stored in an out-house, where the fire risk is so great that I cannot get the insurance companies to handle it, sufficient money will be contributed in a short time for the building of a substantial house. Mrs. Shea and I are both working as hard as we can from 5.30 in the morning till 9 at night every day and yet we feel that we are doing nothing, accomplishing nothing to further the interests of the work. If we are to remove that long-standing, deeply-rooted prejudice from the minds of the Indians, that keeps them away from the mission and the church, we must have the chance to go among them—to be everlastingly in their midst; and by showing in many ways that we have a real interest in their welfare, win their friendship and their confidence. I have no hope of accomplishing our object in any other way. Owing to the deep sand on the many byways that lead through the sage brush to the Indian homes, by means of saddle-animals is the truest and easiest way of reaching them.

Our necessary equipment, therefore, for real missionary work among these Indians is a house and two sturdy little horses with saddles, so that we can start off at a moment's notice for either a near or far visitation.

How Our Church is Caring for People of Other Tongues in Our Midst

III. CHURCH WORK AMONG SWEDES

By the Reverend J. G. Hammarsköld, D.D.



THE SHIPS OF SAINT ANSGARIUS

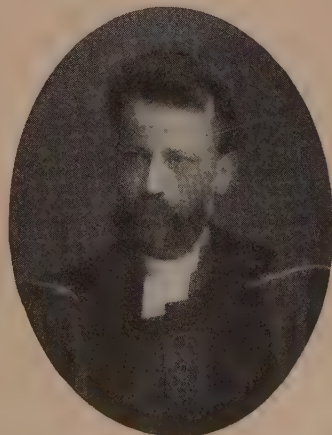
I. The Swedes as a Nation

IT is of vital importance to our country that American Christianity effectually solves the problem of inculcating Christ's principles of duty and responsibility into the hearts and minds of the un-Churched and un-shepherded residents of various nationalities in our midst. For this complex and difficult work our own Communion is especially qualified, because it has so many points of contact with the national and historic Churches in which the majority of our foreign-born residents have been baptized.

In polity, doctrine and worship no one Church in Christendom is more closely akin to our own Communion than the Church of Sweden. Therefore it is quite natural that American Churchmen should be particularly interested in the moral and spiritual development of the Swedes on this side of the Atlantic. They are descendants of the stalwart Vikings, "who, in the days of old, when Europe was degraded by chains of slavery, were the only free people governed by the

laws they themselves made." From these Viking ancestors the Swedes have inherited their main traits of character. In history they are noted for their strong sense of honor, patriotism, valor, chivalry, pride, endurance, self-reliance, obedience to law, deep-rooted loyalty to friends, fondness for poetry, depth of feeling, religious mysticism, love of political and religious liberty, and strong desire for adventure. Of these traits, the love of religious freedom and adventure are perhaps the most prominent.

When Saint Ansgarius, the apostle of the north, after a perilous journey landed at Birka in 830 and began his work, the people assembled and compelled King Björn to give him formal leave to preach and baptize. Even the



DR. HAMMARSKÖLD



LANDING OF THE SWEDES IN
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, 1638

first Christian king, Olaf Skötkanung, who had been baptized by Saint Sigfrid of England, found it necessary to simply obey the law of liberty. At a great council in 1018 this Olaf ventured to impose his own will on the people. The speaker of the assembly rose and said to the king, "If you don't do as we say, it may happen that we fall on you and kill you. How did our fathers do? They cast into a cellar five kings who were full of arrogance just as you are to-day. Say now what you mean to do." By a clashing of arms and a boisterous shout all present expressed their approval of their leader's speech, and the king was forced to obey the wish of his people.

During the Thirty Years' War the whole race took a prominent and decisive part in the struggles between Romanism and Protestantism. "Through great sacrifices on the bat-

tlefields the Swedes saved the cause of religious liberty, not only in their own land but also in other countries which to-day owe their influence in the world to the success of Swedish arms." In the maintenance of this liberty the Swedes see the only safeguard against spiritual slavery, and they are therefore always ready to defend it at any cost.

II. *The Swedes in America*

The disposition for adventure and the desire to better their circumstances have prompted a great number of Swedes to seek and build homes within our borders. They began to arrive 279 years ago. From 1880 to 1889 not less than 401,330—an average of over 40,000 a year—landed on our shores. If the native-born children of Swedish parents are counted as Swedes, the number of our Swedish residents will be considerably over a million and a half.

With very few exceptions they are doing their share in developing the vast resources of our broad land, the majority having settled in the farming communities of the northwest. They excel in agricultural and mechanical skill. The men are generally good and loyal Americans, ready and eager, whenever duty calls, to march to battle for their adopted country.

The religious condition among the Swedish residents has not improved. More than one million of them are not registered in any church. This deplorable condition is mainly due to neglect on the part of the different churches. American Christianity has neglected to care for the parents, and as a result of this neglect many parents have lost the sense of responsibility for the *spiritual* welfare of their children. The late Bishop Whipple fully realized the seriousness of this condition thirty-six years ago, when he said, "The position of the members of the Church of Sweden in this state (Minnesota) has long been of deep



SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC, SAINT ANSGARIUS, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

interest to me. With a valid ministry, a reformed faith and a liturgical service they ought to be in communion with us. For lack of their own episcopate as a bond of union between them they are becoming divided and are losing their distinctive character as members of the Church."

III. Some Main Centers of Activity

What our Church is doing among the Swedes in various states and places cannot be adequately sketched in a short article. Therefore the reader must be contented with this brief review of part of the work.

Of our Swedish churches in the eastern states, Saint Ansgarius, Providence, Rhode Island, is the oldest. Of those confirmed in this church from 1887 to the present time, a great number are now faithful communicants of English-speaking churches in other parts of the country. The remaining active communicants number 193. The parish is greatly indebted to the former rector, the Reverend C. J. Ljunggren, for its spacious quarters for all

sorts of social activities, and also for great improvements in the church building. These facilities are utilized to the utmost by the present rector, the Reverend J. E. Almfeldt.



SAINT SIGFRID'S CHURCH, COKATO, MINNESOTA



THE CONGREGATION AFTER AN EARLY CELEBRATION IN
The clergy are wearing the canonical

Saint Bartholomew's Swedish Church, New York City, is second in the chronological order of organized work in the East. It ministers not only to the constantly-growing Swedish population of this metropolitan city, but also to a great number of residents in neighboring towns. Two well-equipped Sunday-schools with a fine body of teachers are attracting new pupils from all parts of the city. Its present pastor, the Reverend E. G. Ericson, took charge last May, and he has already greatly increased the attendance at both the Swedish and English services.

Saint Ansgarius's Church, Boston, through its founder and present rector, the Reverend A. W. Sundelof, Litt.D., has exerted a wide influence on the Swedish people. Of the 1,400 persons he has received as communicants, 476 remain in his own parish. Through his extensive literary work Dr. Sundelof has done much to break down prejudices and mould public opinion in favor of the Church and Christian patriotism. One of the philanthropic societies of which he is the chairman has bought and maintained a fine home for aged and infirm people. The same society has

lately invested \$2,000 of its funds in Liberty Bonds. Saint Ansgarius's Parish Hall has become an influential center for philanthropic and social as well as spiritual activities.

Saint Ansgarius, Chicago, is the oldest of our Swedish-speaking churches, but its present situation is a critical and difficult one. The neighborhood has undergone radical changes. To save the old church property and reorganize the whole work were the problems inherited by the present incumbent, the Reverend C. A. Nybladh. During the two years he has been in charge he has at great personal sacrifices succeeded in solving these and other perplexing problems, having not only maintained the work under most trying circumstances, but also planned for its stability and future expansion.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, is the only city in which we have three organized parishes with fine church buildings and two rectories, but only one resident Swedish clergyman, the Reverend F. L. Anderson, rector of Saint Ansgarius, the oldest and strongest of the three churches. In this as in all other large cities we minister to a shifting population, and it is, therefore, im-



SAINT SIGFRID'S CHURCH, SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA
vestments of the Church of Sweden

possible to measure the real and lasting results of the work done by these three parishes reporting 410 active communicants.

Saint Sigfrid's Church, Saint Paul, has 300 communicants, an unusually large and well-equipped Sunday-school and many very active organizations. Its rector, the Reverend Philip Broburg, is a born missionary and leader of men. One of the pictures in this article illustrates, far better than any words of mine, the kind of work in which he is especially interested. This picture was taken at the close of a four days' mission in his own church.

Saint Peter's Church, Duluth, is the visible result of successful efforts to unite an American and a Swedish congregation into one parish. The rector, the Reverend W. E. Harmann, conducts services in both languages. As secretary of the Standing Committee, dean of a convocation, and member of diocesan committees, he has become intimately familiar with the missionary problems confronting the state of Minnesota, which has a much larger Scandinavian population than any other state in the Union.

These three men in charge of our main centers in Minnesota are all na-

tive-born Americans of Swedish parentage. Young, strong and burning with zeal, they are doing a work which ought to be divided among at least six.

IV. In Rural Communities

What is being done at the above-mentioned centers and in other cities represents only part of the work. In smaller towns we have a number of mission stations. Occasional services are held in villages and farming districts. In such places houses and barns often serve as temporary chapels in which the sacraments are administered. Bibles, prayer-books, hymnals and tracts have been freely distributed among miners and farmers, and a number of Sunday-school classes organized for the instruction of their children. This has proved to be the most practical way of reaching them. These simple-minded people instinctively feel the need of new and higher social ideals which cannot be realized without the restraining, transforming and inspiring influence of the Gospel. Every effort in their behalf makes them feel that in this land they are not forsaken by God and His Church.



CONFIRMATION CLASS AT SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK

The necessity for such work is demonstrated by the fact that the great majority of our Swedish residents are not members of any church. This becomes all the more significant when we remind ourselves that the great

non-church-attending class often add to the great discontented class, and that in this Republic it is the masses, the mere majorities, that are the sources of political power, the arbiters of destiny.

"CHURCH WORK AMONG SWEDES" IN CLASS WORK

PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON

REFRESH your memory as to the important events and names in the history of the Swedish nation. Send for a copy of the report of the Board of Missions which tells of the work our Church is doing in this country among Swedish-speaking people and their descendants. (The report will be sent post-paid. Address Literature Department, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

Take a map to your class, and as you explain the general events allow the pupils to trace the routes and point out the places mentioned.

TEACHING THE LESSON

I. The Swedes as a Nation.

1. What are some of the characteristics of the Swedish people as a nation?
2. Who was Saint Ansgarius?

II. The Swedes in America.

1. Tell what you can about the settlement of the Swedes along the Atlantic coast.
2. In what state is the greatest number of Swedish-speaking people now?
3. Do you think we owe these people any care and instruction?
4. What did Bishop Whipple think about it?

III. Some Main Centers of Activity.

1. Who is in general charge of our work among Swedish people in the United States?
2. Name some of the states where vigorous work is being done and tell any facts you can remember about any of them.

IV. In Rural Communities.

1. How is the Church helping the Swedish people in rural communities?
2. What is your opinion as to the obligation we owe to foreign-born people in general who have come to our country?

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

THE JUNIORS AND CHRISTMAS

With December one great activity of the Junior Department draws to an end, and its fruit flourishes on many a Christmas tree in the mission field. Such letters as these from Archdeacon Demby in charge of the colored work in the diocese of Tennessee and Miss Winegar in the Virginia mountains, must make every Junior heart the happier this coming Christmas time, when we wish them and those to whom their Christmas presents come Tiny Tim's Christmas wish—"God bless us, every one".

HANDING ON, IN TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE is divided into Middle, East and West Tennessee. West Tennessee is the cotton growing section, and most of the colored people live there. It is a domestic missionary field where our Church is working to make the boys and girls Christian, moral and industrious young men and women, and each box sent us helps the Church in Her work among the very poor and deserving of the several colored mission Sunday-schools. The Juniors have not the least idea of the great good they are doing for God, His Church and the uplift of humanity.

Let me give a practical example of what I mean. Several years ago a small brown-skinned boy visited our Sunday-school in Memphis, came again the following Sunday, and I asked him if he had any brothers or sisters. The third Sunday he brought his sister and three brothers. Soon after this came Christmas, and the boy's parents with the children attended our Christmas festivities, and were delighted at our way of doing things, and especially our attention to children. This boy I baptized, and presented him to the bishop for confirmation, and he, like Saint Andrew, has led his brothers, sister and mother to confirmation. All are faithful to

the Church, and he is one of my helpers in the mission work and hopes to study for the ministry. This is one of the many who have been helped through the missionary assistance of the Juniors.

A few days before last Christmas I visited the state institution for the blind for colored girls and boys, in Nashville. I learned that some of them were children of the Church. They told me that they had not heard the voice of a priest for a long while, and that it was such a pleasure to them to have me with them that morning. I asked the matron, who provided Christmas gifts for the children of her institution? She said that only those gifts were provided which she could afford to give out of her small salary. I was very much affected by her story, and on my return to Hoffman-Saint Mary's Industrial Institute—our mission school for colored girls—I told them of my experience. At once one little girl, ten years of age, got up and said that she wanted me to take whatever was sent to her for the school Christmas-tree and send it to some little girl of the blind school. To this all consented; the enthusiasm was remarkable, and the girls of the mission school gave their gifts to the students of the blind school. Of course I made arrange-

ments for our girls to have their usual Christmas festivities, which were beautiful.

Theirs was such a lovely spirit, and to that spirit is due the fact that the Church children in the state institution had a merry Christmas. One of the teachers of this institution wrote me a beautiful letter concerning their Christmas. This teacher is a young Churchwoman whose heart had been made happy many a time by gifts received from some Junior Auxiliary. I will remember the Juniors in all their work, at the altar, and feel sure a blessing will be with them through the new year, for our Lord Jesus has promised this to all who work for Him.

VIRGINIA CHILDREN TRIM THEIR OWN TREE

FOR three weeks beforehand the children of the Sunday-school here had been getting evergreens on their way to school each day, and on Tuesdays the women of the sewing society had been winding ropes and wreaths with the pines and hemlocks mixed with sprays of shiny mountain laurel. Then the men of the congregation came, and under my direction put the ropes and wreaths in place in the church. On Christmas morning we all gathered for the Christmas celebration of the Holy Communion. There were about forty-five communicants, some of whom had gotten up at two o'clock and walked eight miles to be here at seven o'clock. I doubt if very many of our Juniors could tell of any one who did as much for the sake of keeping our Lord's Birthday. After this my Sunday-school children came, and the father of one of them, who had brought a lovely, shapely cedar tree, put the tree up securely in the chancel and then the children had the time of their lives decorating that tree. A friend of mine had sent me a big box full of tree decorations, and the thing I had to do was to keep

the children from putting every bit of them on that tree and hiding it entirely. The result of their decorating was not as artistic as it might have been, but, oh! what a good time they did have, and, oh! how proud of themselves and the tree they were! I would not have refused them that pleasure for all the artistic effects in the world. I never had let them in before till the tree was all ready, but never again will I keep a child from the joy of trimming the Christmas tree! At ten o'clock all the children who had been to Sunday-school two-thirds of all the Sundays in the year were in place in the choir seats ready to entertain and instruct their proud fathers and mothers. This Sunday-school is not a large one, only thirty-two children in the morning school and fourteen grown-ups in the afternoon. And out of the thirty-two there were twenty to take part in the entertainment. And of the twenty, twelve had not missed a Sunday, and of the twelve, one girl had not missed in *six years* and one boy in *five years*, and about six had not missed in *three years*. How is that for children, not one of whom has less than three-quarters of a mile to walk, and some of them two and three miles? There they were, and how nice they looked, the girls in white dresses and white ribbons on their hair, and the boys in white blouses and dark trousers, and all brushed and combed within an inch of their lives!

The church was soon filled to its limit, with people standing in the aisle. We had a simple service of hymns and prayers, with the two lessons recited in concert by the children, each followed by a carol instead of the canticle. Then came *How the Bible Tells the Story of Christmas*. In the words of the Scriptures, the prophets and the Gospels and Epistles told the blessed story, and Prayer Book and Hymnal, with Collects and Hymns, aided the telling. We arranged this for our

own use, as we almost always have done, and some day I am planning to put together all that we have done in this way, and have it published to help other people who have just such a time as I have had to get something Churchly and dignified for Sunday-school festivals. The children sang very sweetly and recited in a reverent manner the Scripture verses, and the rector was pleased with all our efforts. Then came the lighting of the candles on the tree and the distribution of the gifts and the going home to see what was in the white bundles! The children went home, but fathers and mothers, to the number of fifty, stayed and took dinner with the "missionary people". We sang Christmas hymns after dinner, and had a talk together, and about three o'clock all had gone.

Then the "missionary people" had their party. The rector has two dear boys, three years and one year old, both of them my godsons, and their father and mother and I, with the as-

sistance of the older boys, set up and dressed a small, feathery white pine in the rectory study, for the children of the mission. The rectory boys and ten children of the orphanage celebrated together, and the grown up members of the staff also had a mighty good time pretending to be children again. Little Roy Mason said, "O mother, is God looking at our Christmas tree to see our candles shine?" And I do think that God was looking at everything we did that lovely day. If you could have seen the happy faces of the children and the equally happy faces of the grown up people at the early service, and then at the dinner party, and then if you could have known what Christmas used to be like here! What a blessed change has been wrought! And the Juniors and their mothers of the Auxiliary have helped to bring it about. Are you not glad? Some day before long I hope to have a branch of Juniors here, and then I shall be glad.

IN THE PROVINCE OF THE PACIFIC

CHRIST CHURCH, Anvik, is dear to all the Woman's Auxiliary and the priest is our loved and honored friend. So it lends a special joy to our Pilgrimage in the Eighth Province when Dr. Chapman writes:

"I do not think you could have done us a greater service than to ask us to join in the concert of prayer that has been planned. I propose to give notice publicly, with a reminder of all that we owe to the Auxiliary; that we are not the only beneficiary of the Auxiliary, but that their work is done in many fields, and that it is our privilege to join in this work; a reminder that we have joined in this work in times past and that it is necessary to keep on, according to our ability, that the progress of the Kingdom of Christ

may not be hindered. I will then give an invitation to all who desire to express their interest, to join in a preliminary meeting.

"The preliminary meeting: Prayer for guidance and that our eyes may be opened to our opportunity, especially that we may know what we are best able to do to show ourselves thankful for the gift of our Lord Jesus Christ. Suggestions will be asked for. We have the old Auxiliary, somewhat trained, also the Juniors who were trained by Sister Bertha and should make intelligent members. Some of them are grown and have families. Our regular contributions at Christmas and Easter for many years have familiarized the people somewhat with the idea of common work for the

Church. Dr. Wood's address did us good. I shall propose that during the week of prayer, a special study shall be made of conditions in Honolulu, the Philippines and Alaska (the three districts keeping their week together), with an examination of the status of the Auxiliary in those districts, and also as of special interest to our people here, an examination of the work of the Indian Auxiliaries in the United States. This will give an opportunity for illustration by pictures, incidents, etc.

"Three daily meetings during the week of prayer: Special emphasis upon the need of prayer for the unity of the Church, for peace in our time, for our attention to the duties close at hand, for the opening of our hearts to the needs of others."

We have called our Pilgrimage a long procession, and the Province of the Pacific in itself presents a long sweep indeed, from Arizona and Utah to Alaska and Honolulu and the Philippines.

Its first week found Arizona still in the grip of summer heat, "when everything around the Church, as does everything social and educational, dies"; when "those who can afford it and those who can scrape together any money at all, go away, and those who stay at home leave their houses during the daytime only when it is absolutely necessary, and every one who possibly can spends the afternoon in bed".

Not an encouraging outlook! But from Tucson comes the report that in spite of every drawback of weather and absence from home of many, the week was kept, and the response "rather wonderful". On the day of continuous intercession there was not a moment when the church was left without some one kneeling in prayer. Two had been assigned to each hour, but at times three or four were present. Representatives of the university and the Brotherhood were among the

leaders in the meetings; prayers from the leaflet sent out for daily use were used in family prayers; Miss Thackara and Miss Cady at their lonely outpost at Fort Defiance joined Arizona's praying company; people scattered for the summer resolved that on their return they would have an experience meeting where each should tell how she had kept the week. It is the leaflet that came to us from Arizona which says: "Let ours, the week over, be the work of continuity, that is, of prayer for those other dioceses and missionary districts whose weeks shall follow."

On the opening Sunday of Utah's praying week, missionary sermons were preached throughout the district and the people urged to enter into the week with all their hearts. Daily services followed in different churches—on Tuesday, in Ogden, together with the quarterly meeting of the district branch. Again, in the cathedral, on the Friday of continuous prayer, the Girls' Friendly Society, the Brotherhood, the parish guild and Auxiliary, the altar guild and Junior Auxiliary all had their part.

The leaflet sent out in Idaho commended our Pilgrimage, "though started by women" to "all Christians", and also, in advance of Miss Lindley's call to make a gift for Saint Agnes's the offering at our corporate Communion in the closing week, suggested that a Pilgrimage gift for Saint Agnes's School be made as an accompaniment to their prayers.

Spokane, while keeping its Pilgrimage, recalled that other value of the praying week, in that, during its course, friends far and near, known and unknown, were asking blessings upon the district. A correspondent wrote, "I feel that if it were not for the various groups of friends who are praying daily for the work out here I never could cope with it".

The weeks assigned to Los Angeles and California were broken in upon by the provincial synod of the Pacific, which met at Boise. In Los Angeles, both bishop and Auxiliary president absent, the individual parishes were called to a greater individual planning and effort, and the response was so earnest as to promise a very real spiritual uplift to the diocese. "We feel," the president writes, "that for a week we have been a diocese on our knees and the precedent is established."

California adopted a plan differing from that of any other diocese, keeping the week of the synod, their own assigned week, as a week of preparation, largely under leadership of the Auxiliary, and a second week of very full observance with the responsibility resting upon the clergy. On the evening of Sunday, mass meetings were held in seven of the principal churches; on Monday was the annual United Offering service; on Tuesday there were devotional meetings for leaders of all parish organizations; on Wednesday was a mass meeting for men; on Thursday a quiet day in seven parishes; on Friday a children's service of intercession, with a united service for young people at night; on Saturday a closing half-hour of thanks and intercession, and on the second Sunday, thanksgiving for the Pilgrimage. The fortnight of preparation and realization was a happy response to their bishop's "Bidding to Prayer", with its assemblage of Collects—for *The Church and the Nation*, for *The Navy and Marine Corps*, for *Doctors, Nurses and Drivers of Ambulances*, for *Airmen*, for *Men in Training and in Camp*, for *Sufferers, Prisoners and Captives*, for *Our Enemies*, for *Those at Home*, for *The Absent*, for *All Workers Everywhere*, for *Unity and Peace*. Twelve thousand copies of this leaflet were issued by the president of the California branch, and helped to realize the bishop's wish: "We are trying to make the Pilgrimage

of Prayer a period of genuine and stirring revival, and all are entering into its plans with a zest that is very promising. In these days nothing but a resort to the elementary resources of our faith will do."

And Bishop Sanford of San Joaquin tells us, "We rely very much upon the Church's prayers for us," and from that district we hear: "Our beautiful week of prayer has ended, and, oh, how much stronger we feel! I wish we might often have a week of prayer."

The Sacramento president planned a preparatory visit to each branch in the diocese. The semi-annual meeting of the Sonoma Convocation Auxiliary fell in that week, and it was suggested that the Sacramento Convocation Branch should hold another. "At the see city," the bishop wrote, "daily prayers are going up for the troubled world, the soldiers, sailors and aviators, and the Auxiliary petitions will be foremost and abundant, during the appointed week."

The Bishop of Oregon sent for a thousand copies of the Pilgrimage leaflet. The president wrote, "The Pilgrimage of Prayer opens up a large field. Its possibilities are endless when we think of the power given through prayer to the weakest of us." The first quarterly meeting with a new president came during this week. Special services for women, children and the entire congregation were planned.

In Olympia a letter with leaflets was issued, the churches in Seattle and Tacoma had daily services. In one country mission the members prayed daily in their homes, taking a certain district as the object of their prayer each day.

From Fairbanks, Cordova, Ketchikan, Chena, Juneau, as well as from Anvik, came assurances of Alaska's sharing in the Pilgrimage. It was very sweet to hear from Holy Trinity Church, Juneau—the cathedral church

of Alaska: "We believe in prayer, and every morning here in our chapel we pray for the whole Church and especially for all the Alaska missions and workers. I very much wish we could be bound closer together. And the week of prayer will help." From Chena also came a word, surprising to us who think of it as so quiet and remote a place: "I am glad to have these leaflets on the Pilgrimage of Prayer. I must confess we live in such a rush up here and have so little time when we are enough reposed to think, that unless some one thinks for us we are apt to confine our efforts to fighting to keep things going and to holding together what we have. But the best way to do this is by introducing new ideas, and I am sure the Indians will like the idea of a week of prayer. I want them to feel that they are to pray for more than their daily bread, which, to some of them, is the limit of their prayers' petitions."

We are accustomed to look to Honolulu for an example of single-hearted devotion and unflagging zeal, and would be sure that there, in a mission so unique, where, in the mingled company of people from all tribes and nations, some of our prayers seem already answered, the Pilgrimage would be kept with joy. It was a sweet thought to give it that special feature which no other diocese could present, to have the days of its week given to island after island, and the prayers arise from Oahu, Maui, Kauai and Hawaii in turn.

And the Philippines—our province stretches out its arms so far across the sea, no word of plans proposed or carried out has reached us yet. The story of this district will come later. Meanwhile it stands to us as a silent reminder that the prayer of faith and love passes all time and space, and brings us all close together before the Father's Throne.

A PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT (From California)

O LORD of Love, Who art not far from any of Thy children, watch with Thy care those who are far away from us; be Thou about their path; be Thou within their hearts; be Thou their defense upon their right hand; give them unfailing trust in Thee; grant them power against temptation; qualify them for whatever task Thou givest them to do; deliver them from the snare of setting duty aside; make it their joy to do Thy will. Let not distance break the bonds of love which bind them to us and to Thee; but knit us closer in Thy love; for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

THE DECEMBER CONFERENCE

THE date of the December conference in the Board Room at the Church Missions House is Thursday, the twentieth. The Holy Communion will be celebrated in the chapel at ten, and the conference follows. The subject for this conference will be *The New Junior Plan*, presented by Miss Withers, the Junior secretary.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS ON SALE

WE have many articles for sale from the mission fields that would make unique Christmas gifts; such as laundry bags, silk and brocaded bags from Japan; woven blankets, table covers and hand-made laces from the Philippines; attractive embroidered centre pieces from China; beads, hats, baskets and exquisite drawn work from Porto Rico; good luck beads, baskets and rugs from the Southern mountains; moccasins and baby clothes from South Dakota; hand painted cards, luncheon sets, etc., from Japan. The proceeds from these sales are returned to the mission fields. These articles are exceedingly reasonable. Address Library, Educational Department, Church Missions House.

THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE

ON Saint Luke's Day, after service in the Missions House chapel at ten o'clock, the Auxiliary conference for October was called to order in the Board Room. It was pleasant to find at this opening meeting of the season, the following dioceses represented: Connecticut, Long Island, Los Angeles, Lexington, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, Michigan, North Carolina, Newark, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, South Dakota and Hankow.

Miss Lindley called attention to the fact that this was our first meeting since war was declared, as well as the beginning of a new year, and said that we must look at things in two ways: First, that it will be a mistake if we think of our work as having no relation to what is going on today. The war stands for what we know missions have always stood for—the work at the front is useless unless ours follows it. We must make other women understand that what we have to do is of vital importance. Second, we must keep in mind the sacrifice and spirit of consecration shown in this war, and get for ourselves this same spirit. Everything is very simple, but very earnest—as, in accepting a captaincy, the man is asked: "Will you accept a captaincy in the United States Army?" and the answer comes, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

The news from the East is encouraging. The people there, notwithstanding the savagery of war, are recognizing true Christianity. This is a critical time; we must look for change. The war must work out something in us for the years to come. It must not be said that the Auxiliary failed now, but that we did more and better things in the time of testing. How can we help at once? By going back to our parishes and seeing if the apportionment has been met, and if not, work-

ing for it; by sympathy and help in such need as comes to us in recent news from Mexico; by interest in the proposed new church for San Juan, Porto Rico, a design for which was shown.

Miss Lindley reported attendance at six summer conferences, now among our most valuable opportunities for training workers. Mrs. Biller is preparing the way for such institutes, traveling constantly and not expected East again until April. The Junior leaders and volunteer educational secretaries have already begun to take institutes. Miss Griswold of Chicago and Miss Giles of New York were gone to New Mexico and West Texas, to be followed by Miss Withers and Miss Smith in North and South Dakota. The Auxiliary staff at the Church Missions House had been filled by the return of Miss Tillotson to the educational work, and the coming of Miss Withers, the first of November, as Junior leader.

Miss Emery reported upon the Pilgrimage of Prayer, and Deaconess Goodwin upon the coming of Miss Dorothy Mills to aid in the Student Secretary work. Miss Mills has been two years in China, and hopes to return there. She is already visiting in the middle or farther West. Many young women are asking for service, and the growth in numbers seems to be a direct response to prayer and effort made in conferences and institutes and the calls for workers given by the visitors from the Missions House.

Mrs. Alexander, chairman of Saint Agnes's committee, reported progress, and Miss Lindley announced the sending out leaflets with accompanying envelopes, calling upon all the women of the Church at the time of their Corporate Communion in the last week of our Pilgrimage, to make some gift. She said, "We believe it can be

finished in this last week, if every woman will only give."

Previous to the conference of the day, silent prayer was made for the year's work, that we may be faithful; for a lasting and righteous peace; for the House of Bishops in session; for Saint Agnes's School, Kyoto; for our Pilgrimage of Prayer, and for the conference on the programme for the Triennial of 1919. A most full and interesting report on this programme was then presented by Miss Corey of Massachusetts, secretary of the committee. This committee was appointed at the Triennial of 1916 in pursuance of this resolution:

Resolved: That a committee be appointed consisting of one member from each province and two members from the diocese in which the next Convention will be held, to consult with the secretaries at the Church Missions House, to arrange the general programme for the meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary at its next Triennial.

Before the close of the Triennial in Saint Louis, this committee held a preliminary meeting which decided that a set of questions should be sent to the delegates in attendance there. Four hundred and eighty copies of these questions were sent to individual delegates, one hundred and seventy-seven of whom responded, answers being received from all the provinces, and three from extra provincial places. These questions were as follows, and are given here in the hope that further replies and suggestions may be sent to Miss Corey whose address is 808 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, before the conference on February twenty-first, when the report will again be discussed.

The questions were as follows:

1. How many business meetings do you think we need during the Triennial? When should they come? (Reckon on two weeks' time.) 2. Have you any criticism to offer in regard to our business meetings? 3.

Do you think that it would be helpful to have information concerning specials to be raised and new plans to be proposed sent to the diocesan officers some time before the Triennial? 4. What subjects would you suggest for the general conferences? 5. Would you approve of devoting one whole session to the problem of the parish branch? 6. What subjects for the sectional conferences? 7. How many conferences should there be? 8. Do you think that it is advisable to confine our meetings entirely to the mornings or to include certain afternoons for special conferences? 9. Can you suggest any ways of representing our missionary work to better advantage? 10. Shall we have evening parlor meetings? 11. Shall we have afternoon social meetings? 12. Do you want study classes on any subjects except the textbook for the year? 13. Have you any suggestions to make with regard to the educational work? 14. Shall the delegates elect the presiding officer of the Triennial meetings after 1919? 15. What were the best features of the Triennial just past? 16. What were the poorest? 17. What changes would you suggest?

Miss Corey grouped under different headings the replies received to these questions, and discussion followed upon some of the matters. The following resolutions were adopted:

First. That the business meetings of the next Triennial be three in number.

Second. That information about specials and new plans to be proposed at the Triennial be sent to the branches beforehand from the Church Missions House.

Third. That the subjects of reports to be presented for action at the business meetings be discussed among other subjects at a general conference or conferences at the Triennial, preceding such business meetings.

At noon the conference adjourned for mid-day prayers in the chapel.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONCERNING MISSIONARIES

Anking—Mrs. F. E. Lund and children arrived in the field September 27 after extended furlough.
 Miss Elita W. Smith, new appointee, reached the field on September 27.
 Mr. B. Woodward Lanphear, recently appointed to Anking, has arrived.
 Miss V. E. Woods, on furlough, sailed from Shanghai on November 10 en route for Pomona, California.
Brazil—Bishop Kinsolving, returning, sailed from New York, November 3.
Cuba—Bishop Hulse, returning to Havana, left via Key West on October 23.
 Dean Myers, of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Havana, has arrived at his home in Jackson, Mississippi.
 Rev. Chas. W. Frazer, of Ensenada de Mora, has returned to his post.
Hankow—Dr. Mary L. James, on furlough, has arrived in Philadelphia.
 Rev. Geo. G. Hoisholt, new appointee, sailed from San Francisco, Nov. 17.
Philippines—Miss Ellen T. Hicks, who is resigning as superintendent of Saint Luke's Hospital, Manila, arrived in San Francisco on October 31, en route for her home in Virginia.
 Bishop Brent, en route to France, arrived in Vancouver, November 13.
 Miss L. B. Flory, newly appointed nurse for Saint Luke's Hospital, Manila, sailed from Vancouver, October 25.
Porto Rico—Miss Grace Millgate, returning from Saint Luke's Hospital, Ponce, arrived in New York, en route for Bigelow, Kansas, October 23.
Shanghai—Miss E. S. Chisholm, on furlough, has arrived in Philadelphia.
 Miss M. A. Hill, returning, arrived in Hong Kong, October 19.
 Miss R. M. Elwin, en route for England, reached Toronto, November 7. Miss Elwin has recently resigned from her work in Shanghai.
 The furlough of the Rev. J. G. Magee has been extended in order that he may visit his sister who is ill in Switzerland.
 Deaconess Theodora L. Paine, returning, sailed from San Francisco, Nov. 17.
Tokyo—Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Evans, returning, arrived in Akita, September 21.
 Mrs. A. W. Cooke sailed from Vancouver, October 25.
 Rev. Dr. C. S. Reifsnider sailed from Vancouver, October 25.
 Rev. and Mrs. N. S. Binsted sailed from San Francisco, November 9. Their

marriage took place in Morganfield, Kentucky, on October 10.
 Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Andrews, returning, sailed from San Francisco, November 9.

CONCERNING SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of speakers is published. When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to the Right Reverend A. S. Lloyd, D.D., 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Church Missions House Staff—The president and secretaries of the Board are always ready, so far as possible, to respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Secretaries of Provinces—**II.** Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York. **III.** Rev. William C. Hicks, 1311 G Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. **IV.** Rev. R. W. Patton, D.D., P. O. Box 845, Atlanta, Ga. **VI.** Rev. C. C. Rollit, D.D., Saint Mark's Parish House, Minneapolis, Minn.

Alaska—Rev. A. R. Hoare (in Eighth Province), Miss E. F. Jackson (in Eighth Province), Miss Pumphrey.

Asheville—Bishop Horner (address direct, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York), Rev. George Hilton (during January).

Brazil—Rev. W. M. M. Thomas.

China: Anking—Rev. Amos Goddard, Rev. E. K. Thurlow.

Hankow—Deaconess Julia Clark (in Eighth Province), Deaconess Edith Hart, Miss Helen Hendricks (address direct; 5845 Drexel Avenue, Chicago), Miss Helen Littell (address direct; 147 Park Avenue, Yonkers, New York), Rev. Walworth Tyng (address direct; 32 Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts), Mrs. Walworth Tyng (in First Province).

Shanghai—Miss M. A. Bremer, Miss Annie Brown, Miss L. S. Hammond.

Idaho—Bishop Funsten (address direct; 281 Fourth Avenue, New York).

Japan: Tokyo—Deaconess Newbold.

Work Among Negroes—Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va.; Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Portsmouth, Va.; Rev. A. B. Hunter, Raleigh, N. C.; Archdeacon Baskerville, Charleston, S. C.

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